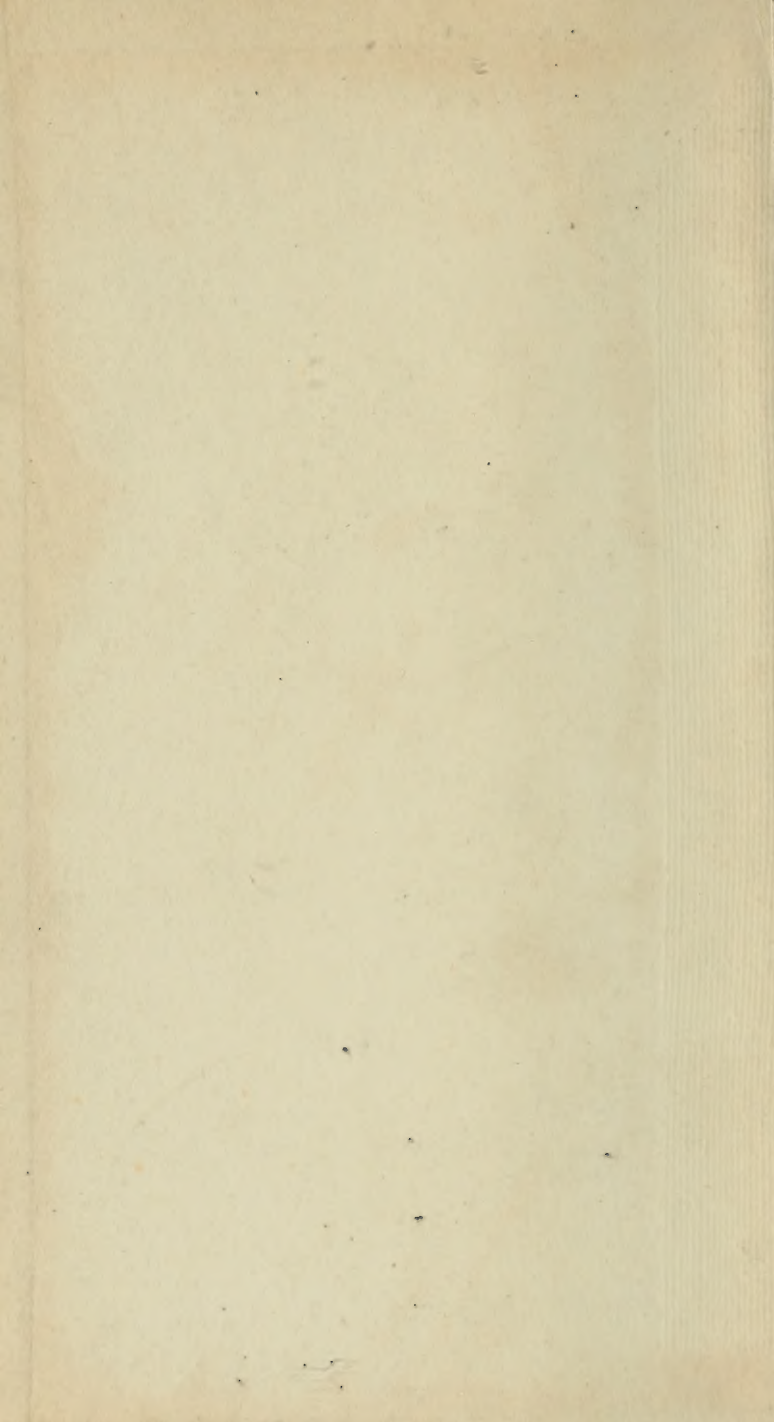


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THOMAS M'CULLAGH
SHORT STORY
OF A LONG LIFE



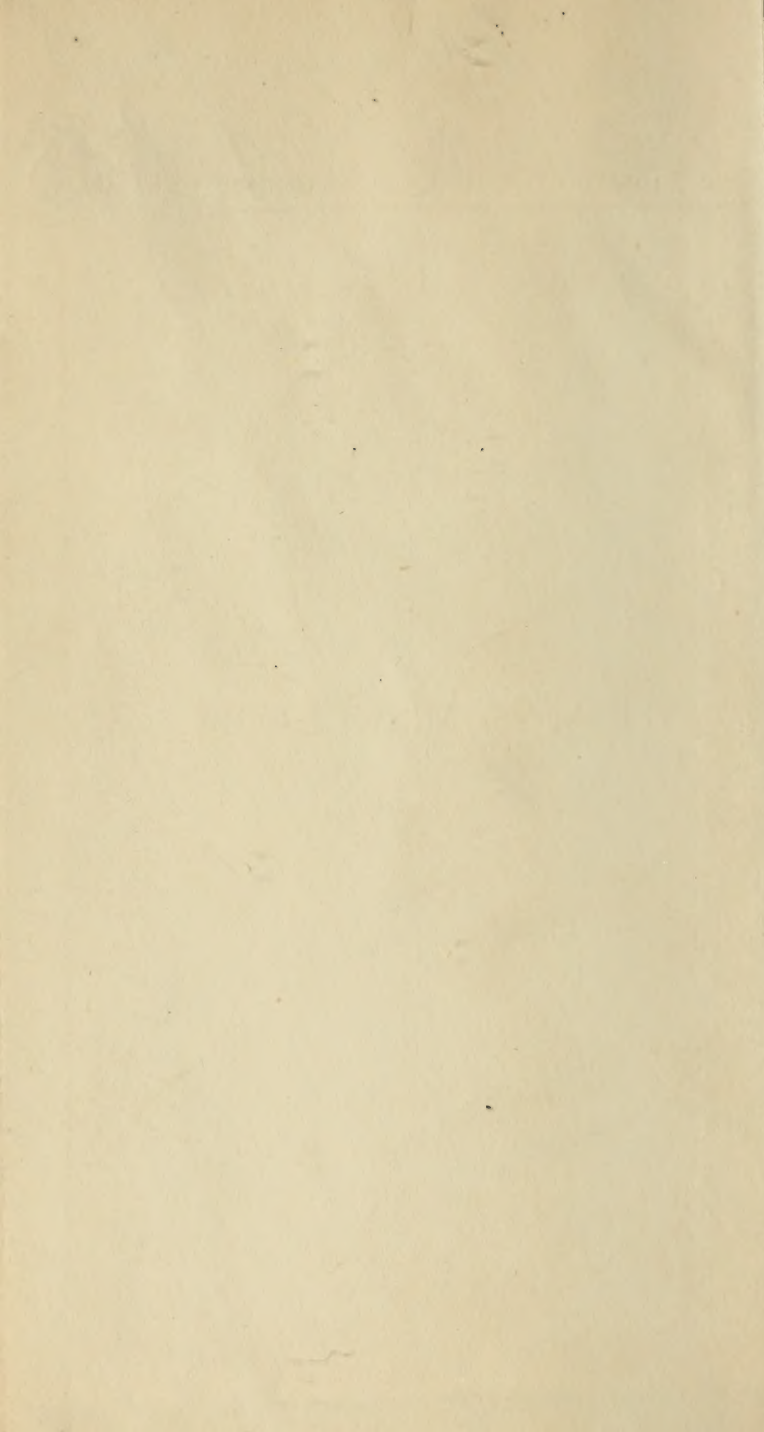
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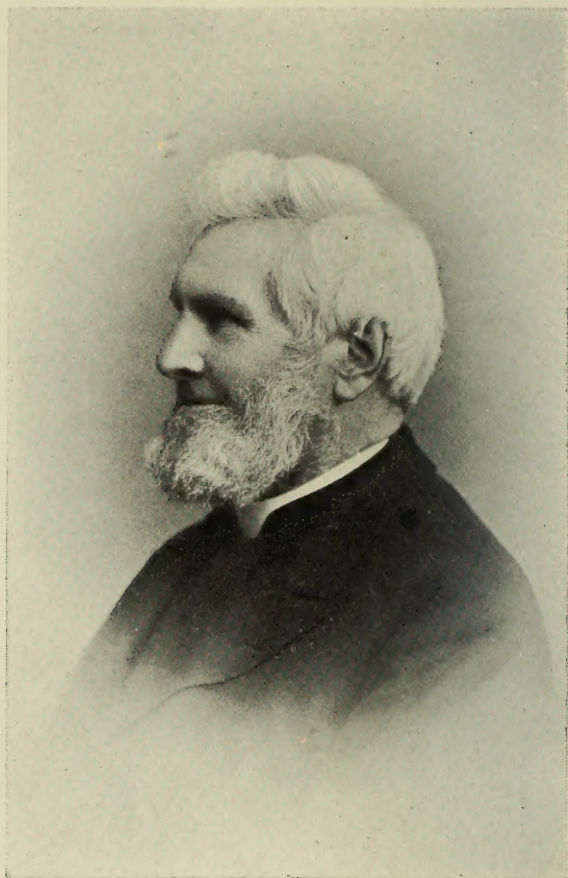
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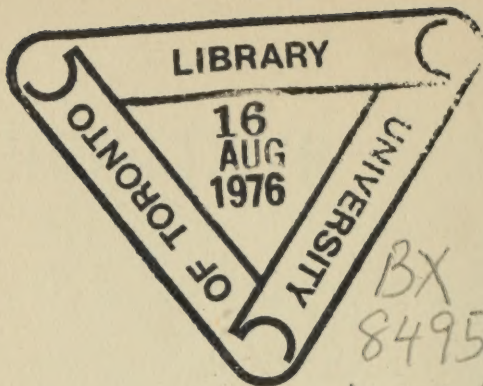
*A SHORT STORY OF A
LONG LIFE*

BY
HIS ELDEST SON

London

ROBERT CULLEY

25-35 CITY ROAD, AND 26 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



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PREFACE

THIS little Biography has been written at the request of my mother and brothers and sisters. It is very imperfect, but perhaps it is better than nothing. I wish I could have inserted the sketch and estimate of my father's character and work and worth given by the Secretary of the Conference at the funeral. I have only been able to indicate incidentally some of the features depicted by Mr. Hornabrook—my father's nobility, dignity, simplicity, and humility, his family affections, his brotherly regard for colleagues, his faithful attachment to friends, and his love for children. His contributions to the literature of Methodism, and his attitude towards many Connexional movements, demand much more notice than has been given to them here. Something might have been

written about his delicate and charming humour, with illustrations of it in prose and verse. Little more has been possible than the simple narration of some of the facts of my father's life.

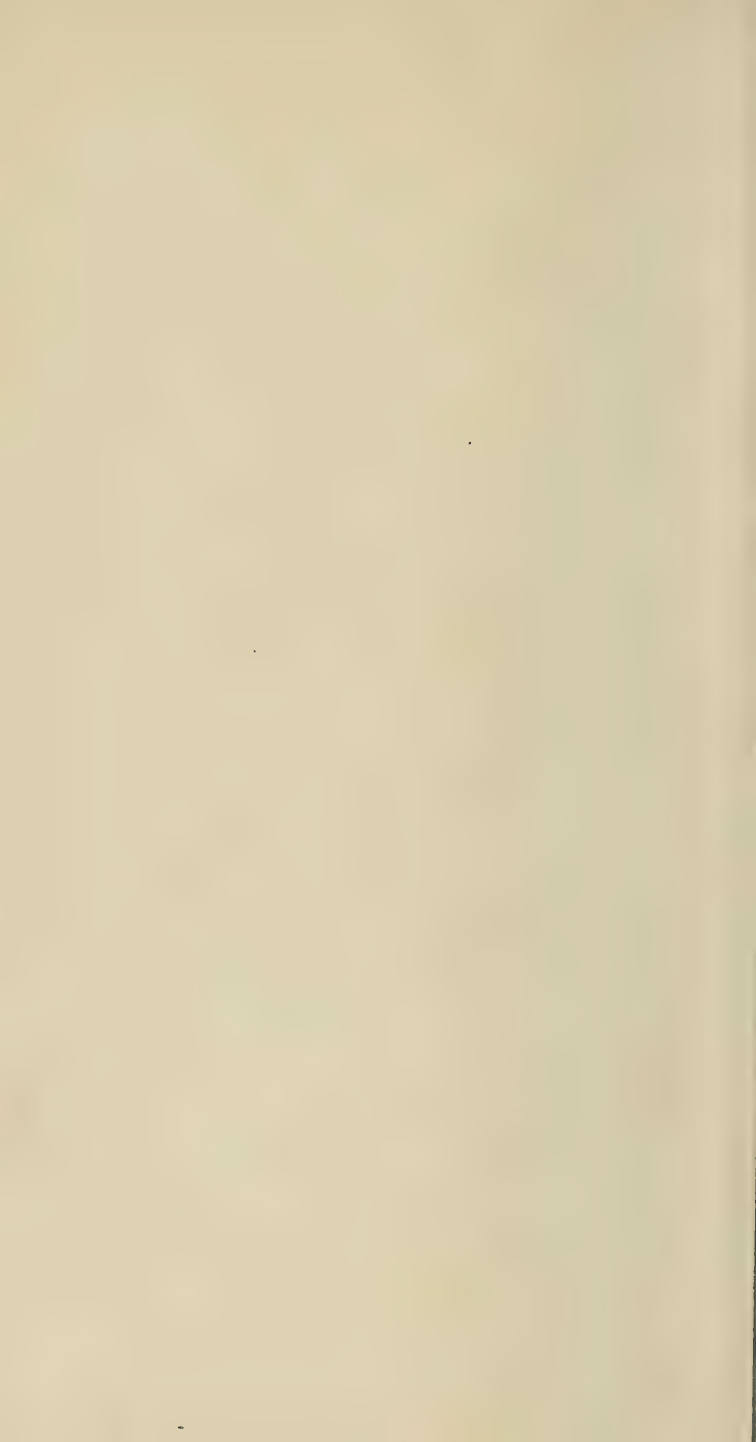
H. H. M'CULLAGH.

BLACKBURN,

June, 1909.

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THOMAS M'CULLAGH



CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

ALMOST in the centre of Ireland is the little town of Athlone. The country around is dull and uninteresting, its main features being extensive green marsh lands and brown bogs which produce little or nothing except the turf used by poor peasants for fuel. Some miles westward lies the mansion of Woodlawn, in a lovely park, with long avenues of trees and lawns and fishponds. Not far from this beautiful scene is a little hamlet called New Inn, only important enough to be marked on the largest maps. Here, on February 17, 1822, Thomas M'Cullagh was born. His ancestors had come over from Scotland in the time of Cromwell, and, like other settlers, were regarded

with suspicion and dislike by the Irish. His father was Alexander M'Cullagh. In common use the two final letters of the name were frequently dropped, and in the shortened form of McCulla the name appears in letters and business documents and upon the first Society tickets of Thomas M'Cullagh. His father was a farmer, and, like so many of that occupation, was a man of strength and independence of character, an evidence of which is afforded by his fidelity to Protestant principles. Dwellers in England can form little conception of the bitterness of feeling between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Alexander M'Cullagh had not the help of numbers, for in that part of Ireland the population was almost entirely Romanist. The whole country-side had memories of bloody battles in which the fortunes of war went against the Irish, memories which kept alive the hatreds of earlier days. Within sight of the farm was the field where the battle of Aghrim was fought between the English and Irish

troops in 1691. Macaulay gives a graphic description of the victory gained over the unfortunate Jacobites by the army of William III. He says that one who was present saw the country, to the distance of near four miles, white with the naked bodies of the slain. 'The plain looked, he said, like an immense pasture covered by flocks of sheep.'

Alexander M'Cullagh married Maria Rochfort, who was descended from an earlier race of settlers in whose veins was a large infusion of Norman blood, an element which has left its trace in some of the place-names and family-names of Ireland. Alexander M'Cullagh had seven children, five girls and two boys. Thomas was the third child, the first boy. Soon after his birth the parents settled at Loughnavagh, not far from New Inn, where they acquired some property in land.

Near Woodlawn a day school was established under the patronage of Lord Ashtown, who, as Mr. Frederic Trench, had represented Portarlington in the Irish

Parliament, and was raised to the peerage in 1800. Thomas M'Cullagh was taught the elements of education in this school. The road to it swarmed with children at play, and the women used to wash clothes in the *strame*, beating them with a distaff upon the smooth stones. He and his sisters attended a Sunday school conducted in the great house at Woodlawn by Mrs. John Trench and her two daughters, the aunt and cousins of the famous Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin. Froude in his *English in Ireland* attributes much of the past misery of the country to the absenteeism of landed proprietors who took the rents but performed none of the duties arising from their position. The charge could not be brought against this godly family, who cared both for the material and spiritual interests of their neighbours. On Sundays Thomas was placed in a boys' class taught by a young military officer, who once gave him a box on the ear and afterwards a shilling to make amends. Occasionally, in hot

weather, the teacher instructed his pupils in the open air, under a shady tree. The influences of this Sunday school left their mark upon the whole family. The Irish Church at that time was mainly evangelical, but was tinged here and there with Calvinism and pre-millenarianism. The M'Cullagh sisters always retained a deep affection for the Church in which they were born, baptized, and confirmed, as did their brother, and in its atmosphere they developed that beautiful if somewhat austere type of religious character associated with the evangelicalism of the first half of the nineteenth century.

In due time Thomas left the Woodlawn day school and was sent to a larger and more advanced private school in Athlone. Here he was taught English, Latin, and mathematics, in all of which he made great progress through his natural ability allied with patience and attention to detail. As a boy he possessed great courage. To the end of his life he bore the mark, upon his right hand, of a wound which he received in

protecting his top when it was being 'pegged at' by another boy. One day he swam across a broad tributary of the Shannon, but whilst returning sank to the bottom like a stone. He was rescued by a diver, who saw his collapse from the bank.

Those were not the days in which valuable prizes were open to such schools. There was no favoured path from the Athlone Academy to the Dublin University. But the boy's abilities secured for him an entrance into the King's service. In 1836, when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was met in the road by a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers. The two passed each other, but the officer turned back, called after him, examined his school books, and put to him some questions in Euclid. The lad showed such intelligence that an offer was made to him of an appointment as civil assistant in the Survey of Ireland. After consultation with his parents the offer was accepted, and in December, 1836, he left school and entered upon the

duties of the office of the Survey. A testimonial which he received in 1845 set forth that his work was 'laying down the lines of the Field Surveys, plotting the Field notes, and making Boundary Sketch maps,' that is, he reduced to shape and system the field notes of the land surveyors, and filled in the outline maps with indications of natural and artificial objects.

There is little record of the details of his life in Athlone. Frequent communications were kept up between himself and his home, although it was not until 1840, when he lived in Kilkenny, that the great boon of the penny post was introduced. Big parcels were sent to him by coach, but in one respect the youth in Athlone was better off than his parents in their village. The father congratulates the son, in a letter, on having 'a good coal fire,' and adds that though winter is approaching there is scarcely any dry turf for a fire. If this were the case of the principal house in the village, what must have been the sufferings of the

wretched peasants in their badly built hovels exposed to wind and rain?

Of the lad's religious experiences in these early years we know little. The good influences of the Woodlawn Sunday School remained with him, and he was a regular worshipper at the Established Church in Athlone. A Methodist Society had been in existence there for nearly one hundred years, and Methodist services were regularly held. But Thomas M'Cullagh knew nothing of them. He heard one Methodist sermon in Athlone, the first he ever listened to. It was preached in the open air in 1836. There was a crowd in the distance, and, on approaching, he saw an old man standing on the steps of a shop, closed, as it was Sunday. Some well-dressed people were near him, and on the outskirts of the crowd a few ruffians armed with stones were hanging about. The old man, who preached with absolute fearlessness, was Gideon Ouseley.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN KILKENNY

IN course of time the office of the Ordinance Survey was removed to Kilkenny, and young M'Cullagh was transferred to that ancient and beautiful city. It is a place of importance in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. It contains the Cathedral of St. Canice, from which Kilkenny derives its name, *Kil* being the Irish for *Church* and *Kenny* another form of *Canice*.

A Society was organized in the town about the middle of the eighteenth century, and Wesley's *Journal* contains records of his visits to the members and his work amongst the people. In the year 1840 Kilkenny was a Methodist Foreign Mission station, helped by the Foreign Missionary Society. In making this grant the Committee did not mis-

apply its funds, for surely an island in which the authority of the Pope, then a foreign monarch, was almost universally recognized, could well be described as a foreign land. In parts it might almost have been called a heathen country. In later years Mr. M'Cullagh, in advocating the claims of the Foreign Missionary Society upon the sympathies of English congregations, occasionally alluded to himself as a missionary convert, and expressed his own personal obligations to its work. When President of the Conference he said that he had the strongest possible reason to be a friend to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and to do what he could to promote its interests.

In Kilkenny Thomas M'Cullagh passed through a profound spiritual experience. His father had died shortly before from typhoid fever, and the son had been very ill with the same complaint. He was not told of his loss until two months afterwards. A letter, written by him to his sister on January 14, 1840, gives a

full account of this crisis in his life. When he wrote it he was not yet eighteen years of age, 'Oh! happy, happy news. I have found the pearl of great price. I have awakened from my long slumber. The Lord has revealed Himself to me. About three months ago there came to this division a man of the name of Figg. The first day he worked in the office he asked me where I lodged. I accordingly told him the street and house I lodged in. In the evening he came and visited me and asked me some questions about my immortal soul. He then knelt down and prayed with me. But the devil told me not to be religious, as it was a gloomy thing, and that I had time enough before I should die. Mr. Figg continued his visits for several nights, and brought me to the Methodist Chapel the following Sunday. There was a lovefeast there that day, and several persons of both sexes stood up and told what God had done for them. I was impressed a little, and made some good resolutions, but they were like the morn-

ing dew. Mr. Figg brought me some five or six times more to chapel. At last I got tired of it, and whenever he used to come for me I used to hide. One night, about a month ago, he came for me, and I totally refused ever to go again. In a few nights after he came again and asked me several questions about my soul. He being acquainted with the circumstances of my father's death, asked me where did I think I would be if I had been taken and my father spared. I immediately saw the mercy of God in sparing me, and tears of gratitude chased each other down my cheeks. I cried to the Lord for mercy. He prayed with me, and I continued praying as often as I could and he with me. I went again to chapel with him, and by continued prayer He heard me, and I believe He has pardoned my sins. I intend by His grace to dedicate the rest of my life to Him.'

When the writer of this letter was President of the Conference he met the daughter of this earnest and persevering

friend. The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. M'Cullagh, dated Edinburgh, May 25, 1884: 'This morning I preached, in my gown and bands. At the close of the service a young lady intercepted me at the bottom of the pulpit stairs. She made herself known to me as the daughter of my early friend Figg, who was the first to take me to the Methodist chapel at Kilkenny. She is with her brother, who is a medical student at the University here. Her father is in Australia.'

The minister of the Mission, the Rev. Robert Huston, and a class-leader, Mr. Thomas Little, were a great help to him at this period. Mr. Huston was a man of great zeal, and had much success throughout his life in evangelistic work. He had 'travelled' ten years when in 1839 he was appointed to the Kilkenny Mission. The following extract is taken from a letter written to Mr. Huston in 1857: 'I was brought to God in Kilkenny while you were stationed there. I was induced to attend the Wesleyan chapel

by the entreaties of Mr. Figg. Previously to his arrival I had attended church. Under his earnest appeals I was awakened. My religious impressions were deepened very considerably under your ministry. For two successive Sundays, after hearing you preach, I presented myself as a penitent in the prayer-meeting; the first time in the chapel, and the second at the house of Mr. Little, to which I had been invited. On this occasion I was the first of several penitents who found peace. You were kneeling by my side at the time, and shook me warmly by the hand when we stood up to sing the Doxology. My first Society ticket, which I still have, bears your initials, and is for March, 1840. I have a very vivid recollection of the scene when I received it.'

Thomas M'Cullagh, as a young Methodist convert, soon found work to do. He appears early to have taken part in prayer-meetings, and in Sunday-school teaching. Villages near Kilkenny were visited by a young band of evangelists of whom he

was one. Mr. Huston's colleague was much scandalized by reports of a noisy prayer-meeting which the young men had conducted at Stoneyford. The prim cleric brought them to the bar of the Leaders' Meeting for this offence. 'This,' said Mr. M'Cullagh, 'was my first evangelical excursion and last ecclesiastical arraignment.' The minister some time afterwards left Methodism.

Soon after these events the young civil assistant was removed to Mallow in county Cork, where he was placed upon the plan as an exhorter. On one occasion, however, he ventured to take a text. He was conducting a service in a private house at Ballyclough, near Cork, and his exhortation was his first sermon. His second attempt to preach was made at a small village near Mallow. He was accompanied by a friend named Talbot, but in returning after the service they lost their way. The night was dark, cold, and wet. After wandering for long they came to a house where a peasants' merry-making had just concluded. A little

fiddler took them to a cabin where they might be put up for the night. On their arrival, the light that was burning was instantly quenched, but having explained their plight they were admitted. As they entered they stumbled over a cow lying in the doorway. Inside was a low truckle bed, out of which looked six scared faces which belonged to the six sons of the widow who tenanted the hut—three from the head and three from the foot of the bed. The two evangelists slept soundly, and when morning came they were provided with a good breakfast of potatoes, eggs and milk, by the warm-hearted Irish woman, who would accept no payment, saying that she would be 'ashamed of herself to charge gentlemen who had lost their way.'

When in Mallow he heard two great Methodist preachers from England. The Irish Conference was being held in Cork, and was presided over by Robert Newton, famous as an orator throughout Methodism, who was accompanied by John Bowers. Young M'Cullagh went over to

Cork to spend 'Conference Sunday.' He heard Newton preach in the morning, from 'Now are we the sons of God.' and Bowers in the evening from the text, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace.' Newton had a far greater popularity than Bowers, but the Mallow exhorter, poetic in temperament, delighting in well-chosen words, rhythmical sentences, picturesque phrases, was better pleased with Bowers, whose oratory was graceful and flowing.

Forty years after this visit Thomas M'Cullagh himself accompanied the President to the Cork Conference. By a singular coincidence the death of Robert Huston, the minister under whose preaching he was converted in Kilkenny, was reported to that Conference.

CHAPTER III

A CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY

THE Irish Survey was at last completed, and the office was removed to Skipton, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Civil assistants who had engaged in the work in Ireland were transferred to England, and amongst them was Thomas McCullagh. Two others may be mentioned, though for very different reasons: Mr. Figg, whose good work at Kilkenny, as described in the last chapter, had produced such important results; and John Tyndall, a young draughtsman, who afterwards devoted himself to science and gained a world-wide reputation.

The young Irish Methodist presented his note of removal before two days were over, and was introduced to the class led by Mr. John Tasker, the grandfather of the Rev. Dr. Tasker, of Handsworth, and

the Rev. W. L. Tasker. He was cordially welcomed and at once found himself surrounded by friends. They are nearly all dead, but their living descendants repeat stories nearly seventy years old of the youthful orator from Ireland. His note of removal described him as an exhorter, and added that he had 'even preached.' He was at once placed upon the Skipton plan as a local preacher on trial.

His first sermon in a chapel, from a pulpit, was delivered in trying circumstances. He was invited to preach anniversary sermons at Embsay, a village near Skipton. He found himself described upon the posters as 'from Ireland.' The coming event was the talk of the village. Other denominations, the Baptists, the Independents, the Primitive Methodists closed their chapel doors on that day, and more than doubled the Wesleyan Methodist congregation. Strangers were attracted from distant places, and when the preacher arrived he found the place so crowded that he could with difficulty reach the pulpit.

Mr. M'Cullagh was proposed for the ministry in the year 1844, by the Rev. Robert Harrison, the superintendent of the Skipton circuit. Mr. Harrison had formed his own opinion of the suitability of the young surveyor for a higher work, grounded upon his own personal observation of his gifts, grace, and fruit. Exciting matters must surely have occupied that particular March meeting, for Robert Harrison quite forgot his candidate. At a meeting in Skipton addressed by Mr. M'Cullagh, when President of the Conference, in 1884, Mr. Crump, the father of the Revs. Simpson, Edward, and John Crump, said: 'I remember Mr. M'Cullagh's nomination for the ministry. The Rev. Robert Harrison, the superintendent, preaching after the March Quarterly Meeting had closed, said, at the end of his sermon, "Will the members of the Quarterly Meeting who are present meet me in the vestry; I want to see them particularly." He told us,' continued Mr. Crump, 'that in his confusion he had forgotten to nominate Mr.

M'Cullagh; so he proposed him for the ministry then and there, and we voted our approval.' Mr. Harrison afterwards said little or nothing about this irregularity. How eagerly would Methodist constitutionalists of the present day seize the golden opportunity in Synod or Conference for a discussion upon the validity of such a nomination!

In some recollections of his May and July examinations Mr. M'Cullagh wrote: 'After the best preparation I could make I presented myself for examination in May at the District Meeting of the Halifax and Bradford District, held at Huddersfield. The Chairman of the District was John Rigg, the father of Dr. Rigg, and the Secretary was John Greeves, the father of the late Revs. John W., Francis W., and Frederic Greeves. The Chairman conducted the examination in a kindly way, and, as I was the only candidate, every question put was addressed to me. When the Chairman finished, other members of the meeting were at liberty to question or cross-question me.

One minister pursued me with several difficult questions, which happily I was able to answer. At last he put one which I could not solve; before I had time to confess my inability, the Chairman said, "Brother Dunn, that is not a fair question; stand up and give the young man a definition and explanation yourself."

'In about six weeks after this I was in London, attending the July examination. In those early years of this institution it was customary for the candidates to be lodged at the houses of the London ministers. My billet was at the Rev. James Osborn's, at Rotherhithe, in the Southwark Circuit. As a Sunday followed a day or two after my arrival, I was anxious to hear some of the great preachers. Mr. and Mrs. Osborn advised me to hear, if possible 'a young Irishman named William Arthur, just returned from India'; but as they could not find out for me where he was preaching, I went, at a venture, to City Road Chapel. The preacher was George Steward; his subject—Immortality—from "He asked

A Candidate for the Ministry 31

life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever." The sermon was one of extraordinary eloquence and power.

'Our examination took place in the Morning Chapel, City Road, before a committee, consisting of the President of the Conference (John Scott), the Secretary (Dr. Newton), the ex-President (Dr. Hannah), the House Governors and tutorial staff of the Theological Institution, and selected ministers chosen by the London District Meeting. There were fifty-six candidates, of whom, as the issue showed, eight were declined. I can only remember the names of a small minority, viz., W. M. Punshon, J. D. Geden, S. Coley, B. Hellier, J. Bramwell, E. J. Robinson, J. Pearson, John Walton, and a few others. We were not examined in companies of ten or a dozen, as began to be the plan adopted soon after. The kindly consideration which should be shown to young men under examination where their highest hopes are involved in the issues were not very apparent in

July, 1844. It has been very different, I know from personal observation, from 1856, when I first became a member of the July Committee, down to the present time. The candidates who limited their offer to the home work (and they were few) were especially subjected to rough treatment. When one such candidate gave as his reason for limiting his offer, "I do not feel *called* to go abroad," it brought Dr. Bunting, Senior Secretary of the Missionary Society, to his feet. "I cannot," said he, "understand those local calls; the divine call is 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Young man," he continued, in withering tones, and with a rasping emphasis, "by-and-by you will think yourself called nowhere but to London or Manchester; whereas, we may think you are called to Banff or Inverness." The young man thus stormed at became one of our choicest ministers, and his high attainments in scholarship were equalled by his beautiful spirit. After spending three years at Richmond

College as a student, he was retained there four more years as assistant tutor. When he went into circuit work he was "called" to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had Punshon as one of his colleagues. Afterwards he was "called to *Manchester*." On the death of Jonathan Crowther he was appointed his successor at Didsbury College, as classical tutor. He had the high honour of being placed on the Old Testament Company, in the Revision of the Bible. Not very long before he died, he received from a British university the honorary degree of D.D. It is scarcely necessary to add that the man of whom I speak was the late John Dury Geden.

'I did not escape. On the vexed question of a special call for foreign missions, I innocently remarked that I received that impression by reading Caughey's *Letters*.¹ Instantly I was

¹ Caughey was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, a successful revivalist, who occupied Methodist pulpits in England for months together without being amenable to Con-

assailed by the voice so much dreaded: "How dare you mention Caughey's *Letters* here? We want no Caughey's *Letters*, nor *Entranced Females* either."

This second shot was intended not for me, but for a member of the Committee, Robert Young, who instantly arose and defended with spirit the little book, entitled *The Entranced Female*, of which he was the author. In the altercation between the two eminent ministers, the pale, slender candidate from Skipton was forgotten, much to his own comfort. In Dr. Bunting's roughness with some of the candidates, it was thought that "his bark was worse than his bite." But why, after all, should these canine accomplishments be exercised by Christian man or minister? Why either bark or bite? In 1855 I received my first appointment to a London circuit, which gave me an opportunity of meeting Dr. Bunting in

nexional discipline and rules. Mr. M'Cullagh says, 'The condemnation (Dr. Bunting's protest) was intended mainly, I believe, for such ministers in the Committee as were advocates of Mr. Caughey.'

private. I was much struck with his gentleness and kindness.

‘I preached my trial sermon at Brixton Hill, and was heard by Jonathan Crowther, one of the Secretaries of the Examination Committee. He walked back with me to Kennington Gate, on his way to his residence in Kennington Road. Next day, at lunch time, the Committee adjourned to the large vestry, and the candidates to the graveyard, where each one was served with a bun. While munching and meditating amongst the tombs, my kind host, Mr. Osborn, came to me and said, “I thought you were looking sad to-day” (it was the day of the Caughey’s *Letters* incident), “so I have slipped out to tell you that Mr. Crowther has given to the Committee a most favourable report of your trial sermon.” I had to return to Skipton before the Committee had made their decision on the fifty candidates. On the return journey my mind was kept in perfect peace with regard to the issue; I resolved to abide calmly by the decision,

whatever it might be. In a day or two I had a letter from my friend, Mr. Osborn, informing me I had passed the Committee; that they thought my sedentary habits had affected my health, and that they recommended the Conference to place me on the List of Reserve, to be sent to a circuit when there was an opening. The Conference of 1844 was held soon after, and I was informed at the close that my name was placed on the President's List of Reserve. There it remained to the Conference of 1845, when I was appointed to my first circuit, Workington.'

CHAPTER IV

PROBATION

MR. M'CULLAGH was placed upon the List of Reserve, and had to be prepared on the shortest notice to fill a vacancy in a circuit. Meanwhile he continued his work at Skipton. He had not been back from the eventful July Committee more than two or three months when the headquarters of the Survey were removed to Wakefield. This was his fourth removal in eight years, no bad preparation for the life of an itinerant Methodist preacher. He left Skipton with regret, and throughout his life the little town occupied a warm place in his affections. The old church and its tombs he regarded with veneration; the ancient castle, with its memories of the great Norman family, the Cliffords, and the Shepherd Lord, appealed to his love of

the historic and romantic; and the surrounding scenery, hills, vales, woods and streams, gratified his sense of the picturesque. The people had shown him no little kindness, and throughout his life he remembered them gratefully. Two of his earliest poetical productions were inspired by the little town, and bore the titles *Reminiscences of Skipton*, and *Skipton Re-visited*. During the course of his ministry he paid several visits to the town to preach and speak, the well-known faces of his early friends becoming fewer and fewer as the years passed by. His last visit was paid in the year of his Presidency, when on April 24, 1884, he preached in the afternoon and spoke at an evening meeting. 'The few that are left,' he wrote, 'gathered round me; one old woman turned me round and round, and then said, "It's not a bit like him!" I went to have a look at the old chapel which I attended, and where I was proposed for the ministry forty years ago this year.'

Mr. M'Cullagh spent ten months in

Wakefield. The most prominent fact in his life there was the friendly interest taken in him by the superintendent, the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, who treated him almost as a colleague. Mr. M'Cullagh, in writing of those days, said, 'What struck me most was the preaching of the superintendent minister, George Browne Macdonald. His sermons charmed me with their beauty, pathos, and force, and were to me the source of much spiritual blessing. He often sent for me, sometimes to take services, and occasionally to accompany him to his country appointments in the circuit gig. He was always chatty, cheerful, witty, familiar. He gave me most valuable advice on my reading and studies, and, in his whole intercourse with me, he was kindness itself.' The young reservist was frequently invited to the parsonage at West Parade, where he noticed the children who in the years to come were to occupy distinguished positions in London society, and in the wider realms of art, literature, and theology.

At the Conference of 1845 Thomas M'Cullagh received his first appointment. His name at first appeared for the Camel-ford Circuit, in Cornwall, and a young Cornishman, John McKenny, was down for Workington, in Cumberland. When the 'Stations' were discussed in open Conference Mr. Macdonald, the Wakefield superintendent, proposed a 'simple exchange' between these two, to avoid the long journeys which both would have to take, a consideration of greater importance in those days than in these. The suggestion was at once adopted and M'Cullagh was appointed to Workington. He himself has described the journey from Wakefield: 'Rail to Leeds; thence by Kendal coach to Skipton, where I broke the journey to see my former class-leader, Mr. John Tasker. Next day I resumed my journey by the Kendal coach, and found myself seated beside an intelligent and agreeable fellow traveller, who pointed out objects of interest and told me the names of the distant hills. In the course of the conversation I made a

remark which caused him to exclaim, "You don't mean to say that you are the young minister appointed to Workington?" I assured him that I was. He looked again at my slender figure and pale countenance, and said, "You can never work that extensive and laborious circuit; it would kill you." This was not comforting; but, somehow, I had not the least fear that I was hastening by coach to an early Cumbrian grave. He told me that he belonged to Whitehaven; that his name was Carr. . . . We arrived at Kendal in the evening, and hurried to an office to "book" by a coach next day, *via* Ambleside and Keswick, to our destination. Alas, every seat was engaged! We secured places by the Carlisle coach, by which we started next morning, crossed Shap Fell, passed through Penrith, and reached Carlisle. There we found a train to Maryport, where we had to mount a coach again. In the evening dusk of my third day of travelling, I arrived at Workington.'

Mr. W. H. Moss, of Whitehaven,

remembers Mr. M'Cullagh's entrance into the Workington circuit, and has written an account of his first Sunday at Cockermouth. 'Your father's first appointment to Cockermouth was on the Sunday at the end of September, 1845, and he would probably have walked from Workington that morning. A lovefeast was appointed for the afternoon. It was anticipated that there would be an immense gathering from the three towns of Workington, Cockermouth, and Maryport, and all the surrounding country. The society and poor stewards were busy during the previous week making arrangements for entertaining the expected great influx of people. The Sunday was a beautiful autumn day, and a vast concourse assembled from far and near, converted colliers from all the pit villages and all the good old saints.

'Your father was tall in stature, rather thin, and pale in countenance, and possessed an attractive and fascinating power and influence. I have a vivid remembrance that when he stood up to

announce the opening hymn he gazed round the sea of earnest faces with amazement and wondering expectation. A good old Methodist tune was started, and the volume of voices, growing in intensity, gave an indication of a remarkable meeting. I noticed that your father caught the inspiration and his face quivered under it. I was so impressed that as a small boy of only twelve years I watched every movement and act with all a lad's curiosity and interest.

' A deep inspiration of prayer was upon your father, and he prayed with the power of the Holy Ghost. The congregation seemed to struggle against responding vocally, but in vain. Here and there restrained voices were heard crying "Glory!" But it could not be held in. A sudden sharp shout of "Glory! Glory!" responded to by "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" ended in a wondrous manifestation of divine power. The prayer ended with the Lord's Prayer heartily and orally repeated by all the people following your father's voice.

After the bread and water had been dispensed your father testified of his conversion and call to the ministry, and his consecration to seek the salvation of souls. Tears of holy joy streamed down his face, which made a deep and permanent impression upon my young heart, and intensely affected all present. Five years later I was put on the preachers' plan and so remain to this day.'

The young minister appointed to the Whitehaven Circuit by the same Conference was William Morley Punshon. The two probationers, residing in adjacent circuits, formed an intimate friendship which lasted until the death of Punshon 'put their lives apart.' Their three early circuits were near together, and they were thus brought into constant association. The ministry of each was marked by great oratorical powers, and it was difficult to decide which had the pre-eminence. The writer of an appreciative editorial note in the *Methodist Recorder*, after the death of the longer lived of the two, says, 'The story of the

two young preachers who were stationed, in 1845, the one in Whitehaven and the other in Workington, has often been told. Dr. Punshon used to recall those early days with a pleasant smile. He felt no jealousy of the eloquent preacher who was his neighbour, and who threatened to eclipse him as a stirring orator.' Young M'Cullagh, however, neither then nor afterwards regarded himself as a rival of Punshon, and there was none more enraptured by the oratory and more delighted by the successes of the Whitehaven minister than his Workington friend. He has left on record the impressions made upon his mind by Punshon's first missionary speech: 'I was prepared for something good, but when I heard for myself, I found that the half had not been told me, nor even the tenth. The rush of brilliant thoughts and burning words, the perfect whirlwind of eloquence, almost took away my breath. I do not know that I was more enraptured with his speeches at Exeter Hall in after years

than with that first platform effort during the first few weeks of his ministry. I no longer wondered that such an orator succeeded in filling the large, half-empty chapel at Whitehaven with admiring hearers, before his first month in the circuit was over.'

Traditions still linger in many of those Cumbrian villages of wonderful meetings addressed by the two young preachers. They were both of the happiest disposition, with playful wit and a fine sense of humour; and these gatherings, frequently preceded by sumptuous 'teas' which called forth the old-fashioned Methodist feeling of fellowship, provided ideal conditions for the exercise of their gifts. At a meeting held at Keswick, in the summer of 1846, where they met Mr. Telford, of Wigton, father of the Rev. John Telford, an amusing accident happened. The occasion was joyous and pleasurable feeling ran high. Punshon's oration was eloquent and exciting. Then the Workington preacher was called upon. All went happily until, working

up a climax which was to end in poetry, he arrived at 'as the poet says'—when, to his dismay, the intended quotation vanished from his memory. After a momentary pause he said, 'I am in the predicament of a man at Skipton, named Bob Holmes, who walked all the way to Grassington to a lovefeast which I conducted. In relating his experience Bob said, "As I came along to-day this blessed text of Scripture struck my mind—but—but—but I forget it now."' The audience laughed and cheered, and during the applause Mr. M'Cullagh remembered the poetry. Crying, 'I have it now,' he recited the inspiring stanzas, and was applauded tumultuously. Punshon often told the story how his friend Mac adroitly turned a *contretemps* into a triumph.

Workington was a hard circuit. Long distances had to be walked, for there was no circuit gig or horse-hire fund, and only six miles of railway, not a yard of which was of any use to the travelling preacher. The line from Maryport to Whitehaven was then in course of con-

struction, and its contractor, Mr. William Ritson, became one of Mr. M'Cullagh's life-long friends. The circuit minister was accustomed to be away from his own residence for days together, whilst going his rounds from village to village. In one place he would be accommodated by a kindly collier in his rough cottage, whose wife would put before the tired and hungry guest a red herring for his Sunday's dinner, and in another place he would be entertained amid wealthy and cultured surroundings in 'the Hall.' The exercise and the fresh air were beneficial to the health of the probationer whose early death was expected by his cheerful companion on the Keswick coach. His imagination and love of the beautiful were fostered by the scenery of the district. He wrote of it thus: 'From Maryport I had a tiring, but, when fine, enjoyable walk to Mawbray, along the shore of the Solway Firth. The Isle of Man, rising like a mountain out of the Irish Sea, was visible. Inland, Skiddaw upheaved its vastness. Across

the Firth appeared long stretches of Kirkcudbrightshire, the very fields of which I thought I could discern, and a background of blue mountains towered grandly far, far away. The long walk was very lonely, but when a strong south-wester made the flowing tide loudly vocal I sometimes shouted back in very unequal antiphony.'

In those days probationers, with a few exceptions, did not remain longer than one or two years in their early circuits. The stewards of the Hexham Circuit invited young Thomas M'Cullagh to become their second minister on the expiration of his second year at Workington. He accepted the invitation, and was appointed to the Hexham Circuit by the Conference of 1847.

CHAPTER V

ORDINATION

THOMAS M'CULLAGH'S appointment at Hexham had important consequences. Hexham is a small country town of great antiquity, rich in historic associations. Its Abbey is a venerable memorial of by-gone days, and the Roman wall belongs to a time still more remote. The scenery of the North Tyne is beautiful and romantic, and delighted the fancy and imagination of the young poet.

The young preacher lodged with the senior minister, John Nicholson. Such an arrangement in some cases might be unpleasant and inconvenient, but in this case every kindness was extended to the young man by 'good John Nicholson' and his wife. The circuit steward, Thomas Dinning, was a man of character and individuality, as his letter of in-

· vitation to the young preacher shows, and a life-long friendship was formed between the two. Both indulged in rhyme, and some of the poetical epistles which passed between them in later days are amusing enough.

Mr. M'Cullagh made many other friendships in Hexham. At the time of his residence in the circuit no evening service was held in the Abbey, and many families who belonged to the Established Church were accustomed to attend the Methodist chapel in the evening. The relationships between all Christian denominations in the little town were of a very cordial character. The Anglican vicar, the Presbyterian minister, the Independent pastor, recognized one another in a friendly spirit, and each esteemed the work of the others. The same kindly relationships exist in Hexham at the present day.

A young man, Joseph Parker by name, who had a brilliant career before him, was then living in Hexham, and became attached for a time to Methodism, both

as a worshipper in the chapel and as a member of Society. His father was an Independent, and the son shared his religious convictions; but, discord having arisen in the small chapel, some of the Independents found shelter with their Methodist neighbours, and amongst them was this earnest, zealous, fiery and impetuous lad. There still survives one, at least, of those who met in class with him, and the recollection of his striking and unconventional 'experiences' is fresh in her memory. Parker speaking in class! The worthy Hexham members, startled by both the matter and manner of his utterances, little imagined that fifty years afterwards tens of thousands of Methodists would envy the opportunities they then enjoyed. Perhaps the youth may have received a Quarterly Ticket at the hands of the probationer just a little ahead of him in years. Whether that were so or not, certainly M'Cullagh was an interested hearer when Parker took up his stand in the open air, and preached a sermon marked by originality, eloquence,

and fluency. Though the paths of these two in after life lay wide apart, on many occasions they corresponded and sometimes met, and in the year when the one was Chairman of the Congregational Union the other preached in his City Temple as President of the Conference.

In Hexham Thomas M'Cullagh became engaged to Isabella Hays, the only child of Henry Hays. Her grandfather was a remarkable old man who died at the advanced age of ninety-two, shortly before Mr. M'Cullagh's arrival in the circuit. He had heard Wesley preach three times. In mid-life he was lost for two days and nights in the workings of a coal pit which he had been inspecting as a possible purchaser. One of his companions, lost with him on that expedition, was never seen or heard of again. An exploring party brought William Hays back to the light of day, and on the bank of the pit, in the view and hearing of the assembled crowd, he then and there dedicated his spared life to God. In his later years he became

blind, and his little granddaughter, Isabella, was accustomed on Sunday afternoons to take him to the class which he led in the humble little chapel in his own village. Henry Hays, his son, was a fine type of Northumbrian manhood, strong, keen, friendly in disposition, interested in sport, and a good judge of a sermon. After his father's death he removed to Hexham, and here he was living when he received an unexpected letter from the young minister asking for his daughter's hand.

In 1849 the customary four years of probation were fulfilled, and the young minister went to Manchester for ordination. The Conference of that year has become historical for its momentous issues. The place of meeting was Oldham Street Chapel, on the site where the Central Hall now stands. The President was Thomas Jackson, elected then for the second time, and the Secretary was John Hannah. George Osborn was that year elected into the Legal Hundred. The public services drew immense

crowds. The street was filled with people who came simply to see the preachers pass into and out from the chapel. On the Conference Sunday the crowds were so overwhelming that preachers were sent outside to address the multitudes unable to gain admission. On other occasions windows were broken from the inside by the pressure of the people against them. At the public examination the candidates were admitted early to their seats round the front of the gallery, and, whilst watching the arrivals downstairs and on the platform, they were startled by a tumultuous tramping on the stairs, and a headlong inrushing of an eager mob. The more agile vaulted over pew backs, and some pew doors were swept off their hinges. Methodism evidently aroused the interest and affection of the masses. The increase of membership reported to that Conference was 9,413!

But a dark shadow rested upon this great success and popular enthusiasm. Into the history of the memorable

agitation of that time it is needless to enter. The facts have frequently been told, and no good purpose can be gained by another repetition of them. Suffice it to say that the crisis was reached during this Conference, when three ministers in full connexion with the Conference 'ceased to be recognized as ministers amongst us.' The excitement throughout the country was intense, and the bitterness indescribable. In some places bad feeling afterwards expressed itself in physical violence. Traditions still linger of the flight of ministers from the fury of the mob, and again of the ejection of reformers from chapels by force. The young men to be ordained looked down with mingled feelings from their seats in the gallery upon the excited debaters in the Conference as 'all day long the noise of battle rolled.' From his entrance into the ranks of candidates to the ministry until the day of his death Thomas M'Cullagh was a staunch upholder of the constitutional authority of the Conference, but as he listened to those

debates and heard the decisions arrived at, he felt misgivings as to the extreme policy adopted by great majorities. He signed the declaration of esteem and confidence in the eminent ministers who had been slandered. He signed also a second declaration after the expulsions of 1849, but with certain reservations expressed in a letter to the promoters of the manifesto. Two first studies of the letter have been kept, differing only in their wording, in which he says, 'In giving you authority to append my name to the Declaration I must remark that one sentence at least which it contains in reference to the recent expulsions I consider objectionable. The sentence which declares that "the original act of discipline was righteous and necessary" I would rather have expressed in terms less strong. I thought at the Conference, and think so still, that the infliction of a punishment short of expulsion would be more politic as well as more merciful than carrying into execution the extreme penalty.' In the first draft he says, 'A

middle course could have been pursued by which the Connexion might have been saved from the present disgraceful agitation.' He draws a distinction between the case of Mr. Everett and that of Messrs. Dunn and Griffith, and concludes, 'To all other sentiments in the Declaration I most cordially subscribe, and, considering the nature of the present crisis, it would in my opinion be blameworthy on my part to withhold whatever little influence I may have from the defence of constitutional Methodism.'

In the circuit to which he was appointed at this Conference, Shotley Bridge, Mr. M'Cullagh had the opportunity of testing the value of his moderating policy. A ringleader of revolt was causing some difficulty, and only needed the exciting atmosphere of opposition and conflict to do much mischief. The rather irascible superintendent was disposed to take strong measures against him, but he yielded to the milder influences of his young colleague and dropped his indictment of the man, with the result that the

circuit remained in perfect tranquillity whilst uproar and confusion ran riot all around. Nineteen years afterwards, when Mr. M'Cullagh went up to London as one of the invited speakers at the great Exeter Hall missionary meeting, his fellow guest in the house where he was entertained was the Rev. William Griffith, one of the three, who was visiting the metropolis in the interests of a political association. From the tone of the above extract it is not difficult to believe that the two ministers, though widely differing in many respects, did not disturb the harmony of the house in which they were entertained.

The ordination took place in Irwell Street Chapel on August 1. In a letter written on the afternoon of that day the newly ordained minister wrote, 'The service was most solemn and affecting. It commenced at half past nine o'clock, but for an hour before that time every seat was filled and every aisle thronged. Several questions were put to us individually which we had to answer in

presence of the congregation. After the imposition of hands, the Charge was delivered by Dr. Newton. It was faithful and impressive. It occupied him about an hour and a quarter, during the whole of which time we had to stand. I felt very tired at the close. May the Lord enable me to keep the vows which I have taken!'

It is difficult for modern imagination to picture William M. Punshon, James H. Rigg, Thomas M'Cullagh, and Richard Roberts standing throughout the delivery of Dr. Newton's Charge; but those were days of discipline and decorum, in which the importance of outward observances was not ignored, and each one of these men afterwards sat in the chief ruler's seat.

CHAPTER VI

SHOTLEY BRIDGE AND BISHOP AUCKLAND

THOMAS M'CULLAGH and Isabella Hays were married on August 9, 1849, in the Hexham Chapel, by the superintendent, the Rev. John Nicholson. Another minister was present, the Rev. John Weatherill, as friend of the bridegroom. After a short honeymoon the newly married pair took up their residence in their new home at Shotley Bridge. The appointment was to a single man's station, so some time was spent in house hunting and furniture buying. In Swiss Cottage they lived for three happy years.

Shotley Bridge, the head of the circuit, was but a small village, with two or three hundred inhabitants. Its founders were Germans, who on account of their Protestantism, had been exiled from their native land. One of their descendants was living

in the village in 1849, and the young Irishman, who knew so much of the conflicts between Papists and Protestants in his own country, regarded him with the greatest interest. Hopes had been entertained that Shotley Bridge might become a fashionable inland watering-place, for a chalybeate spring had been found, and a spa-house, with attractive grounds, had been built around it. A fine hotel, too, had been erected, and good houses were being put up. But one day the great Consett ironworks were established near at hand, clouds of smoke enveloped the place, and a large population of iron-puddlers and colliers spread over the whole district. This invasion was fatal to the hopes of the Spa speculators, and dispelled their visions of loungers sipping the unpleasant but curative waters of the spring, of wealthy invalids wheeled about in bath-chairs, of open-air morning music and evening concerts.

The Methodist chapel was the only place of worship in this small village. It was well attended by the principal

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families, and indeed occupied the place usually filled by a parish church. One very interesting member of the congregation, a most godly woman, was the sister of that brilliant man of letters, De Quincey, the English opium-eater. A local preacher of much originality was also a prominent figure in the congregation. Mr. M'Cullagh in after years wrote of him: 'Henderson's prayers were sometimes remarkable. Once I heard him quote the passage, "The promise is unto you and to your children," thus, "The promise is unto Henderson and his children." Some years afterwards I met one of his children in the ranks of the ministry, and I thought of the good man's faith in wedging his own name and his children's into the promise. Once when I was preaching on the text, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises," as I quoted one promise after another, Henderson half-audibly said, "That is mine! and that is mine! and that is mine!" And when I uttered the words, "Having

nothing, and yet possessing all things," he said with added emphasis, "and that is mine." "

The circuit was extensive and laborious. There was no railway to help the preachers in their visits to distant places, but a circuit pony was kept, and through his life Mr. M'Cullagh delighted to recall incidents in which 'Mog' was a prominent character. 'Whether with the saddle,' he wrote, 'or in the shafts Mog had one serious fault which placed our necks in peril—she occasionally came upon her knees, without giving us any previous warning. Once, I remember, I was shot over the splashboard of the gig, but happily alighted on the head of the prostrate circuit steed. My good super, the Rev. Peter Wilkinson, made a more oblique flight from his cushion, being turned from the direct line by a gingham umbrella, his inseparable companion, and fell upon the hard road, with the result of a bruised shoulder.'

After three years' hard work in this 'circuit of rough roads and kind hearts'

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the young preacher packed up his books and furniture, and removed to the Bishop Auckland circuit. The little town is ancient and picturesque, and is widely known as the residence of the Bishops of Durham, who for centuries have lived in the castle which stands at the entrance to the beautiful park. Under the shadow of the episcopal palace a vigorous Methodism flourished, unopposed by the good prelates who ruled the diocese, although one of the most distinguished of them, Joseph Butler, the author of the *Analogy*, when Bishop of Bristol, had remonstrated with John Wesley for his irregular ministrations. Bishop Auckland as a circuit was formed in 1838, out of places in the Barnard Castle Circuit, and consisted of the town and twenty villages. In the year 1852, when Mr. M'Cullagh received the appointment, the circuit was partially dependent upon Connexional funds. Agitations in the societies and strikes amongst the pitmen had crippled its financial resources. But the energies of the Methodists were not weakened.

An appeal, made by the direction of the Conference, to all circuits in similar circumstances, here met with a loyal and enthusiastic response. A 'forward movement' was commenced which had for its object the assumption by the circuit of its full responsibilities, the payment of all its chapel debts, and the engagement of a lay helper. The two ministers, Mr. Haigh and Mr. M'Cullagh, worked hard throughout the circuit in holding public meetings and private interviews, and in a short time the circuit was independent, its trust properties free from debt, and the lay agent busy in the chapels and homes of the people.

The whole Connexion owes a debt of gratitude to Bishop Auckland, as the hired local preacher whom they employed was none other than Peter MacKenzie. Until this time he was a pitman in the Haswell Colliery, and had obtained a good report for his zeal and usefulness as a local preacher. But had he not accepted the engagement offered to him in the Bishop Auckland circuit probably he

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would never have entered the Methodist ministry. He had not been long at work before the powers of his personality and gifts made themselves felt. His plain language, his homely illustrations, his contagious enthusiasm and his spiritual force resulted in numerous conversions. Mr. M'Cullagh said, 'In prayer-meetings he agonized in oft-repeated prayers, body and soul. When with him on such occasions, I have seen vapour rising through his coat from the sweltering perspirations of the strong, well-knit frame underneath. I was so struck with his wit, raciness, shrewdness and withal simplicity and artlessness, that he soon won my admiration and affection.' Throughout his life Mr. M'Cullagh greatly enjoyed telling tales of Peter Mackenzie, but space can be found here for one only.

'One day, in my study, he looked through a small volume of sermons by James Parsons, of York, while I was writing a letter. Addressing me, he asked if I would lend him the book. I replied, "I will make you a present of

it, if you will honestly confess for what purpose you want it." "I want it," said he, "to get some plums for my cake." "

The great war between Russia and Turkey, in which England and France took the side of Turkey, broke out in 1854 and greatly excited my father. His views upon war were those held by most sane and good men. He regarded it as 'a hideous and hateful thing,' and deplored the hopeless and pitiable suffering which it brought with it, and its demoralizing effects upon those engaged in it. In this particular war he admired Lord Aberdeen's government for the reluctance with which they entered upon hostilities, and he praised them when they were the objects of popular reproach, for their efforts to avert war, as being 'more sagacious than the people.' At the same time he regarded the conflict as just and necessary in view of the gradual spread of the vast Russian despotism. England did not love Turkey, but it dreaded Russia. In that fear, the fear of the mysterious and apparently irresistible ad-

vance of an ignorant and brutal power, my father shared.

Disaster after disaster fell upon our troops in the Crimea in the early stages of the war. They sustained misfortunes in fight, they were swamped by rains and swept away by tempests, they perished through exposure and starvation, the result of inexplicable mismanagement at head quarters, and hundreds a day died of cholera and fever. One reverse of an extraordinary character befell the Light Brigade. The memory of the almost superhuman courage displayed in the charge is perpetuated by Tennyson's well-known verses, which were first published in the *Examiner* of December 9, 1854. My father read them as reprinted in the *Times*, and was thrilled and excited by the stirring lines. He introduced the piece into his missionary speeches with great effect as a stimulus to missionary heroism.

A day of national humiliation was appointed by the Government, March 21, 1855, when confession of sin was made,

prayers offered, and sermons preached all over the country. Mr. M'Cullagh was the preacher in Bishop Auckland, and delivered a remarkable sermon on the text, 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.' It was a difficult duty. Patriotic pride and patriotic penitence were to be reconciled. National transgressions were to be confessed, and yet no fault found with the country's aims. The evils of war were to be indicated, but this particular war was not to be condemned. The difficult subject was treated in a masterly manner, and the sermon was the sermon of a patriot and a Christian. One passage may be produced as a specimen of my father's pulpit rhetoric at this period of his ministry. He was dwelling upon the insufficiency of human means as indicated in the text. But he showed that in all human enterprises it is necessary to employ appropriate and adequate methods, and he thus illustrated the point: 'The great secret of Napoleon's success may

be found in his superior strategy and military skill. The commanders who long opposed him adhered mostly, with a fatal pertinacity, to an antiquated system of warfare. They thought winter campaigning improper and unscientific. To him January was as welcome as June, if he could only fight a battle and win a victory. They, according to the old rules of military science, spread their armies over a large extent of country; he collected his forces, and fell separately upon the scattered divisions of his enemies, and defeated, in succession, those armies, which, if united, he durst not attack. They wasted days in indecision; he was avaricious of the merest fragments of time. They thought only of conquering men; he entered the lists with physical nature. By forced marches he surprised his enemies when they least expected him. The Alps themselves presented no insurmountable barrier to the daring and ambitious soldier. In spite of their rocks and precipices, their glaciers and snows, he passed with his

brave battalions across their cloud-capped ridges, to the astonishment of the world and the terror of his foes. In the hottest fury of the battle, when ordinary minds were seized with panic, his self-possession never forsook him. His eagle-eye discovered the weak points, and his amazing skill was at once exerted to retrieve disaster or to ensure success. This it was—his great genius for war—and not the fates, not his lucky-stars, not destiny—which chained victory to his standards; which lifted him from the rank of a subaltern officer of artillery to the throne of the proudest empire in Europe, and which gave him “a name at which the world grew pale.”’ The Leaders’ Meeting afterwards presented to the preacher its heartiest thanks, and earnestly requested the publication of the sermon.

Another sermon, *The Bible, Its Character and Object*, was separately published at the request of the same meeting. Dr. Maltby, then Bishop of Durham, wrote an appreciative note upon it and ordered a number of copies.

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My father became more intimately and permanently associated with Bishop Auckland than with any other place in which he lived. His sisters removed from Ireland, and two of them settled down, married, and died here, where they will long be held in affectionate remembrance. Two of his sons were born in Bishop Auckland, and both became connected with the town by marriage, as did a daughter, and one of the two also by residence. Another son became one of the clergy of the Diocese of Durham. These events were then, for the most part, in the distant future, and when my father accepted an invitation to labour in a London circuit at the expiration of his three years in Auckland he little suspected that to his dying day family interests would attach him closely to that northern town.

CHAPTER VII

TWO LONDON CIRCUITS

THE Conference of 1855 appointed to the London Third Circuit Charles Westlake, Thomas Owen Keysell, and Thomas M'Cullagh.

Residence in the metropolis possesses many advantages. Some London circuits are far inferior to some in the provinces, but the great city offers inducements, outside the routine of ordinary duty, which generally turn the scale in its favour. The Londoner is at the centre of the nation's life. He has opportunities of seeing great sights and of hearing great men which are only partially possessed by residents in large midland and northern cities, and not at all by those who live in the smaller towns. That pleasant anticipations were in my father's mind is evident from a letter to my mother,

written a month before their removal, in which he expresses the hope that her father will visit them in London: 'By the way, your father must visit us, especially during the time Parliament is in session. It will be no small privilege to hear lucky Palmerston, and unfortunate Lord John, and clever Disraeli, and fault-finding Layard, and eloquent Macaulay, and blustering Sibthorp; and it will be worth listening to the wordy war of (strange to say) the Manchester peace-men, and to the bloodless rows of the Irish brigade, and to stirring debates on war, and peace, and taxation, and education, and Sunday trading, and marriage with a wife's sister, and tenants' compensation, and the East India Company's charter, and the constitution for New South Wales, and the newspaper stamp, and the ballot, &c., &c., &c.'

The Crystal Palace was at that time almost a world's wonder—the light and beautiful building erected first in Hyde Park for Prince Albert's big Exhibition of 1851, and afterwards removed to

Sydenham Hill. It could be seen flashing in the sunlight from the topmost rooms of the minister's house in East India Road, and, soon after his arrival, the father yielded to the urgency of his two boys and took them to see it, and then wrote a charming little story for children entitled *The Glass Palace*.

A spectacle which deeply moved him was the public rejoicing at the termination of the Crimean War. In a lecture delivered in 1901, shortly after the death of Queen Victoria, he gave his recollections of that great sight: 'After much controversy and many delays the treaty of Paris was signed. Great was the rejoicing at the restoration of peace, for every one was sick of the war. I went with Mrs. M'Cullagh to Hyde Park to see the Guards return from the Crimea. We took a stand a little inside Hyde Park Corner, and saw the returning regiments, preceded as they marched along by an unled goat, keeping step and moving his head in harmony with the music of the bands. It was quite

an object-lesson to see the men with their bronzed countenances, soiled, faded, and patched uniforms, on their return to their native land. When the troops passed through the Queen came in an open carriage on that beautiful fine day, and the Prince Consort in the uniform of a Field Marshal, accompanied by a brilliant staff, dashed up to meet her Majesty. He waited for her just opposite to where we stood, and her equipage stopped there. She was then in the 36th year of her age and the 18th of her reign, and very lovely she looked. We could see her smiles, turned now towards the Prince and then to the balcony of Apsley House just behind us, where stood the Duchess of Wellington, the wife of the second Duke. We were never so near our beloved Sovereign before, and the cup of our loyalty was full and brimming over. We also went to see the fireworks in Hyde Park for the Peace, towards which Parliament voted several thousands of pounds. These and the illuminations of the public buildings were resplendent beyond des-

cription. Mrs. M'Cullagh and myself were out from daylight to daylight in an open conveyance. We picnicked in our van with our friends in crowded Oxford Street between one and two in the morning.'

My father was now in the centre of our Connexional life, and none valued that privilege more than he who had hitherto lived far away from its main currents. He was within easy reach of City Road and the Centenary Hall. He was appointed upon committees on work in which he took the deepest interest. He made friendships with the great men of Methodism. He found Jabez Bunting quiet and gentle in private life. He had written a little for the press before coming to London, but now he became a frequent contributor to Methodist periodical literature. He grew in popularity as a lecturer, and his platform services were sought for far and near. His lecture, *Eminent Irishmen*, produced a sensation, and he was asked to deliver it again in the Beaumont Rooms before

the London Irish Volunteers, who were marched to the lecture-hall wearing their uniform. He took his part in theatre services, then a new feature in the religious life of London.

His time and strength were given, however, to the work of the circuit, which much needed it. A few years before the Third London was a picture of prosperity and life. Perhaps no circuit suffered so much from the agitation of 1849. Spitalfields, its head, in that year had eight hundred members. In 1855 these were reduced to two hundred. St. George's Chapel, seven years before, was unable to accommodate the applicants for pews and sittings. Now there were many unlet, and the congregations were small. Poplar and Limehouse chapels were Mr. M'Cullagh's particular pastoral charges. The former was the most flourishing place in the circuit, but Limehouse was poor and weak.

Other difficulties had to be faced by the new ministers. Large debts encumbered the work at the principal chapels.

The movement to the suburbs had commenced, and families that had provided workers and money left a rapidly deteriorating neighbourhood for cleaner and happier surroundings. As the foreign element in the population of the East End increased, the indifference of the people to religion, their moral depravity and godlessness, seemed also to increase. The conditions of life in some parts of the circuit, particularly in St. George's-in-the-East, presented an almost hopeless problem.

A meeting of the office-bearers of the circuit was called a few weeks after the entrance of the new men, at which addresses were given by the three ministers and the work of the circuit prayerfully considered. The meeting was marked by the depth and solemnity of the feeling awakened. Mr. Keysell, in speaking of his own neighbourhood, said, 'I find myself *nearer to hell* than I ever expected to get, or than I expect ever to get again!' Mr. M'Cullagh says, 'His voice became tremulous as he spoke,

and then, bursting into tears, he sobbed and wept aloud. The feeling became sympathetic; silent tears stole down many cheeks, and all present were deeply and seriously impressed.' One result of the meeting was a series of special services throughout the circuit extending through the months of January and February, 1856. Mr. M'Cullagh threw himself into these with ardour. His *Recollections of my Ministry in East London* contains an account of two or three remarkable conversions which followed his mission sermons in Poplar and Limehouse. A woman passing by was attracted to the chapel by the singing. She was returning to her house, and had the door key in her hand. She listened, remained to pray, and found peace in believing, forgetting all the time that some of her family might be knocking at her door, unable to enter. At another service a stranger presented himself as a penitent. He complained that he did not and could not 'feel.' 'I have a great stone here,' said he, putting his hand

on his breast. He was reasoned with in vain. He repeated several times his complaint of 'the stone.' Then the preacher quoted to him the promise to take away the stony heart. The man could not believe it was in the Bible, until a copy was shown to him, for it seemed as though made to suit his case exactly. He, too, believed and entered into rest. On another occasion a poor woman who had entered the chapel to shelter from the rain was rescued from a life of sin and wretchedness. Some time after my father had left the circuit, on a return visit, this young woman was pointed out to him. She was neatly attired and modest-looking, and was a devoted Christian. Her leader said to Mr. M'Cullagh, 'No one here knows her previous history except myself, and I now tell you because you were the preacher on the night when, coming to the Saviour, "she had much forgiven."' '

Another conversion which took place under Mr. M'Cullagh's ministry in Poplar had far-reaching consequences. A Ger-

man of the name of Krafft found salvation and joined himself to the Methodists. For a time he was content to receive instruction and help, but soon he felt the impulse to do good. He concerned himself with the spiritual welfare of his fellow countrymen in that part of London, visiting, exhorting and in time preaching to them. His earnest labours resulted in the creation of a German Circuit in London, with its chapels and ministers. In 1870 Mr. M'Cullagh was invited to address a meeting of the German Methodists in London, and was welcomed by Mr. Krafft as being the originator of the work by the divine blessing upon the sermon preached fifteen years before.

In 1858 Mr. M'Cullagh removed to the First London Circuit, of which the head chapel was that built by Wesley himself, first known as the New Chapel, then as City Road Chapel, and now as Wesley's Chapel. He came as the fourth minister, succeeding the Rev. J. W. Greeves at St. John's Square and Jewin Street. His entrance upon the circuit was not

encouraging. The Rev. John Farrar, after one year's ministry as superintendent, had been removed by the Conference to become the Governor of Woodhouse Grove School. The minister appointed in his place, an ex-President, was one of the most radiant stars that have ever appeared in the Methodist firmament. At the time of his appointment Mr. Lomas was honoured and beloved everywhere, and in no place more so than in City Road, where he had travelled before. But the leading men of the circuit were annoyed that the leading chapel of the Connexion should be deprived by force of Mr. Farrar that he might 'take the charge,' as Dr. Dixon growled, 'of a boarding-school for young gentlemen.' A few days before my father's departure from Poplar he received a letter from the circuit stewards informing him that in consequence of Mr. Farrar's removal they had resigned office and would not be prepared to receive the new-comers. He also heard from Mr. Greeves that the house would

not be ready for occupation for three weeks. During those three weeks my father lived in lodgings on Highgate Hill, opposite beautiful fields which now are covered with streets and houses. The new superintendent, after taking possession of Wesley's house, disappeared, officiating at the Sunday's services, it is true, but remaining invisible to all inquirers at other times. In those prosperous days, when there was a membership of 800 at City Road, two week-night services were held, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr. M'Cullagh was appointed on the first Tuesday after his arrival, and had to preside at the Leaders' Meeting afterwards. The stewards and leaders filled the large room. The circuit stewards, though they had resigned, were present in their capacity as leaders, and, after the routine business, one of them proposed a resolution which was virtually a censure upon the Conference. Mr. M'Cullagh asked that it should be withdrawn, or at least postponed until the new superintendent was present, on the

ground that he was the youngest minister of the four, and that the discussion of so serious a resolution should be conducted with the superintendent in the chair. This course was adopted. At the September Quarterly Meeting the society stewards acted for the circuit stewards whose places remained unfilled. At the December meeting all again was harmony. The old stewards were re-nominated and re-elected, and the new superintendent had no friends more loyal and attached than they during his three years' term, at the expiration of which he was appointed to a tutorship in one of the theological colleges.

A curious incident occurred at my father's first Sunday morning service. The appointment was to Jewin Street. He preached from the appropriate text, 'Whom we preach, warning every man,' &c. He observed that when the hearers were influential and possessed the power of injuring the preacher the man who dealt faithfully with them required no small amount of courage. He referred

to Micaiah before Ahab, and John the Baptist before Herod, and added in passing, 'But, alas! preachers of this type seldom find their way into the pulpits of chapels-royal.' It happened, all unknown to the preacher, that in the congregation was a royal chaplain, the Rev. Adam Farrar, who when he came up from Oxford to fulfil his course at Whitehall was accustomed to lodge at a boarding-house kept by a Methodist, a member at Jewin Street. On that morning he attended the Methodist service, his own duty being at the royal chapel in the afternoon. A short time afterwards he met the superintendent at the same boarding-house, and expressed himself in terms of high approbation of the sermon which he had heard Mr. M'Cullagh preach, quoting with great pleasure the remark upon royal chaplains. This eminent clergyman was afterwards a Bampton lecturer and held an important university post.

In circuit after circuit Mr. M'Cullagh had to meet the great debt difficulty.

First London was no exception. Jewin Street, a new chapel, built in 1849 mainly by the exertions of John Rattenbury, had a debt of £2,000. The congregation consisted principally of the proprietors of private hotels and boarding-houses, and young people employed in the great shops and warehouses of the city. A successful effort was made to remove this burden. Mr. Lomas wrote scores of letters asking help, and Mr. Coley and Mr. M'Cullagh were deputed to visit wealthy men in the city at their offices, especially those whose young employés and apprentices attended the Jewin Street services. In these interviews Mr. Coley was the chief speaker, and sometimes the object of the visit was lost sight of during the interesting conversations and arguments which were incidentally provoked. They went to see Mr. Hitchcock, one of the principals of the great firm in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the time seems to have been spent in a discussion of the Methodist doctrine of Entire Sanctifica-

tion. The imperturbable theologian at length settled matters by offering to bring a score or two of living specimens to the merchant's office. Another remarkable man whom they visited was Mr. Christopher Walton, a goldsmith on Ludgate Hill, a member of Society at City Road. He was a student of mystical divinity, and published memorials of Law, Böhme, and other 'theosophers,' and an 'Introduction to Theosophy, or the Science of the Mystery of Christ.' He talked to the two young ministers of 'the ground and root and branches of the Tree of Being.' In a note on the interview my father says, 'My friend Coley, forgetting apparently the debt on Jewin Street Chapel, or thinking perhaps that it could take care of itself, was little loth to enter the lists with the goldsmith, learned in the lore of the mystics. In the blandest manner, bright and smiling, with mellifluous voice, he combated the views which Mr. Walton advanced. One thing in the disputation I well remember—Mr. Walton, lifting up a piece of brass, said to us both, "That

is as much redeemed by the blood of Christ as you are! ” ’

A more important undertaking, into which my father threw much enthusiasm, was the purchase of the freehold of the ground upon which City Road Chapel is built. It was part of the Finsbury estate, and belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, who had leased it from a remote period to the Corporation of the City of London. The Corporation sub-leased the site of the chapel to John and Charles Wesley, who built upon it in 1777. This sub-lease (or rather one which had taken its place) was due to expire in 1864, and the original lease to the Corporation in 1867. The trustees of the chapel, finding that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners did not intend to renew the lease of the Finsbury estate to the City Corporation in 1867, requested the Commissioners to sell them the small part upon which the chapel was built. To their consternation the reply was that the Commissioners declined to alienate any part of the property, but

intended merely to let it and receive annual rents. Private influence was used, and the trustees had powerful friends at court, notably the then Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), and the Earls of Shaftesbury and Chichester. After much negotiation the Commissioners at last consented to sell. But now another difficulty arose. The Corporation had their rights over the ground from 1864, the time of the expiration of the trustees' sub-lease, until 1867, the time of the expiration of their own. During that interval of three years the Corporation might do what they liked with the property. Negotiations with them were protracted, for they were more tenacious of their rights than the Commissioners. At length their demands were abated, and the bargain was concluded.

£13,000 were required for the whole scheme, and the Conference of 1860 gave permission to the trustees and ministers to ask help anywhere and everywhere. The two colleagues, Coley and M'Cullagh, were again sent forth, the former to Man-

chester and Bolton, the latter to Liverpool. Twelve days were spent by my father in the uncongenial work of begging, both in public and private. His commission was opened at Waterloo, before a small congregation on a week-night. More than £100 was contributed. He conducted other services and secured many subscriptions, and his success on the whole campaign justified the dispatch which he sent after the Waterloo meeting to his superintendent, 'Veni, vidi, vici.' A tribute of gratitude is due from the Methodists of the present to the good men of the early 'sixties who, by their generous work and generous giving, secured to them for all time 'the use and enjoyment' of Wesley's Chapel.

My father's life in this circuit greatly stimulated his interest in the Wesleys and their work. As he went preaching and visiting in the city he walked in their footsteps. The Charterhouse recalled to him John Wesley's school-days. In Aldersgate Street he thought of the eventful meeting at which John Wesley

heard one reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. In Little Britain he was reminded of Charles Wesley's experience on the Whit-Sunday of 1738. In Cripplegate he looked upon the Church of St. Giles from which Dr. Annesley, the grandfather of the Wesleys, was ejected for non-compliance with the Act of Uniformity. In Fetter Lane he pictured to himself the meetings of Wesley's people and the Moravians, and in Moorfields the disused Foundery converted into a preaching-house for the early Methodists, and in City Road the manifold activities of our venerable Founder. From that time the study of Wesley's life, writings, and work, and all associated matters, was, next to circuit duties, my father's favourite pursuit. He spared no time, no labour, in the investigation of the smallest details. Experts in Methodist history, such as the Rev. John S. Simon, have given warm testimony to the value of Mr. M'Cullagh's researches.

He closely investigated the nature of

Wesley's relations with the Moravians, and has conclusively shown that he did not join a Moravian society, but himself founded the society which met in Fetter Lane, from which he and his followers withdrew when certain Moravian eccentricities and excesses became predominant. Forty years after my father's departure from the City Road circuit the old fire still burned, and valuable papers were written by him on matters of general interest, such as *The Wesleys and the Nobility*, or on questions upon which the curiosity of the public, even of the Methodist public, is not too keen, such as; *Was Adams, of Osmotherley, a Priest or not?* a question in the solution of which 'is involved the genuineness of Wesley's professed loyalty to the House of Hanover and the Protestant succession to the throne, and his character for undisguised, honest outspokenness and truth.' Another matter upon which he raised a solitary voice was the character of Mrs. John Wesley. A paper entitled *Wesley's Wife* was a defence of that lady from

the wholesale censures passed upon her. He pointed out the difficulties of her position in that strange and unhappy married life. The only unfavourable comments upon John Wesley's conduct which the writer remembers hearing his father utter related to his domestic relationships. The paper also indicates excellences in Mrs. Wesley frequently overlooked, and concludes with the assertion, 'It is time that the inconsiderate abuse heaped upon Wesley's wife should cease.' In concluding this short digression reference may be made to my father's interest in the Wesley hymnology. He loved the Wesley hymns, both because they were good poetry and because they were the productions of the Wesleys. Of all the committees upon which he sat, the committee which produced the Hymn-Book of 1876 gave him the liveliest satisfaction. He has left copious memoranda of its proceedings, and he contributed an informing article upon the book to the *London Quarterly Review*.

CHAPTER VIII

STOCKPORT AND SHEFFIELD

THE life of a Methodist preacher who does his duty in his circuits does not present a great variety of incident. He prepares and preaches sermons, conducts prayer-meetings, meets classes, addresses Sunday schools, presides at committees, and has many other similar duties laid upon him. But occasionally circumstances direct his energies into quite new channels. It was so with Mr. M'Cullagh during his term in the Stockport Tiviot Dale Circuit.

When he was appointed in 1861 Tiviot Dale was one of the finest chapels in Methodism. Its internal appearance was impressive. Its pulpit was a mahogany 'three-decker.' From the highest elevation the sermons were preached;

below was the pulpit from which the prayers were read; lower still was the desk of the clerk who led the responses of the congregation. The height of the highest pulpit severely tried the nerves of many ministers. The whole arrangement has now given place to the more secular platform or rostrum. The large organ with its burnished pipes was imposing, and, in addition to the great gallery, were two upper galleries, one upon each side, at a dizzy height. In the great congregation were the Healds of Parrs Wood, the Fernleys, the Barkers, the Bells, the Turners, the Nelstrops, the Drinkwaters, the Parkeses, the Hollingdrakes, the Smiths, the Lees, the Ros-trons, the Murgatroyds, and other well-known families.

In this circuit, however, Mr. M'Cullagh met with more poverty and distress than in any other during the course of his ministry. Before he left City Road the newspaper posters announced in startling letters the outbreak of hostilities between the northern and southern States of

America. The war raged during the whole term of my father's residence in the circuit, and had a calamitous effect upon the leading industry of Stockport and the whole of Lancashire. For months before the outbreak the cotton mills had been working half time only; now they were completely closed. A dark cloud rested upon the whole population. The savings of the provident in time became exhausted, whilst the improvident suffered severely from cold and hunger from the first. The country at large came to the rescue with a noble generosity. In 1862 the Lord Mayor of London forwarded to the distressed districts nearly £300,000 in money, besides large amounts of clothing and of other necessities; and in that year alone the Central Committee of Manchester, under the presidency of Lord Derby, dispensed more than half a million subscribed principally in Lancashire itself.

The Methodist people all over the country extended a helping hand. A liberal response was made to the urgent

appeals from Stockport. Mr. M'Cullagh engaged personally in the work of relief with a sympathy and energy which have not yet been forgotten. His house was turned into a receptacle for clothing; his study looked like a pawnbroker's shop. The clothing sent was of great service to the distressed, though amongst it were a few incongruous articles, such as an old college cap and a crinoline. The Rev. Charles Garrett was engaged in the same work in Preston, and he tells of receiving a red hunting-coat and top-boots and a pair of satin slippers. In addition to clothing and money liberal meals were provided in the Tiviot Dale schoolroom for starving people, and that room is always associated in the memory of the writer with the mixed odour of strong cheese and strong coffee. Much pastoral visitation was done, and no service was more efficiently and lovingly rendered by my father than that of taking help and comfort to those homes of affliction. Prayer was offered unceasingly. One instance of a discriminating petition

Mr. M'Cullagh used to tell in after years with some amusement. An attempt was made to supply the lack of American cotton by importing cotton from India, which, however, turned out to be very inferior and much more difficult for the operatives to use. A good man in the prayer-meeting prayed, 'Lord, send us cotton, send us cotton; *but not Surat, Lord, not Surat.*'

The Prince Consort died at Windsor near the hour of midnight, on December 14, 1861. The news was not known generally on the following day, as on Sunday news circulated more slowly then than now. My father occupied the pulpit of Tiviot Dale that evening, and he heard of the Prince's death just as he was on the point of leaving the vestry to commence the service. He preached to an immense congregation the sermon which he had prepared, the subject of which happened to be the fleeting nature of temporal things and the permanence of the eternal, a topic suggested to him no doubt by the season of the year.

An unwonted solemnity marked all his utterances, and spread through the congregation, especially when he dwelt upon the mockery of human hopes in this brief life of ours. Great was the shock when at the close he announced amidst breathless silence that the Queen was now a widow! The preacher's emotion sprang both from loyalty to the reigning monarch and from the deepest sympathy with a stricken woman. His loyalty was a romantic passion, and the noble character of Queen Victoria fostered it. In all the sorrows of her life he was profoundly moved. Seventeen years afterwards the gentle Princess Alice, who had nursed her dying father so skilfully and lovingly, died from diphtheria contracted whilst tending her little son who was suffering from that disease. She died on the anniversary of Prince Consort's death, and amongst my father's poems is a short one of eight stanzas upon the event. Here are two of the verses:

December came wild with wintry gloom ;
On the fatal fourteenth day,

As memory turned to Albert's tomb,
The Princess passed away,
To heaven she passed away.

Inscribed on the scroll of fame, combined
These names be ever seen :
Albert the Good and Alice the Kind ;
Consort of England's Queen ;
Daughter of England's Queen.

In 1863 the Jubilee of the Missionary Society was celebrated, and the following year a memorable meeting was held in Tiviot Dale, in the organization of which Mr. M'Cullagh had a leading part. Dr. Osborn took the chair, and his assistant, a young missionary just returned in broken health from Abeokuta, Thomas Champness, was present. The chapel was crowded, and intense enthusiasm prevailed. In singing the great jubilee hymn, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,' the brazen peals of trumpets were added to the solemn sounds of the organ. Promises were sent up to the platform with such rapidity that Mr. M'Cullagh could hardly keep pace in reading them to the people. In his haste he read one promise paper aloud before scanning its contents. It

turned out to be a gift of two-pence half-penny from a Didsbury student, a token of respect for the Governor and Tutors, grave and reverend men who were sitting upon the platform. The impudent young fellow became one of our most popular ministers and eventually occupied a departmental seat. He died in mid-life, lamented throughout the Connexion.

Mr. M'Cullagh was very popular amongst the young people of the circuit. His addresses to the children are remembered to this day. A recent Lady Mayoress of Manchester told the writer that she recollected the illustrations used in those addresses of forty-five years ago, and the gracious influences accompanying them. In most of his circuits my father conducted large Bible-classes for young people, and in Stockport he had the largest. It was limited to young women. Its exclusiveness was maintained with difficulty, for a petition, asking permission to attend, was presented by the young men. The door was kept closed against them. The

minister took his little son to one of the meetings, and the secretary, a bright and witty girl, pointing to the diminutive boy, asked, 'Is that the thin end of the wedge?'

Whilst in Stockport my father wrote the biography of his old colleague, the Rev. Thomas Owen Keysell. Mr. Keysell had expressed a wish, amounting to a prohibition, that nothing should be written of him after his death; but, when nearer his end, he yielded to the appeal of his friends, adding, 'If anything should be written, let Mr. M'Cullagh do it.' *The Earnest Life* secured at once a large circulation and passed through several editions. It was vivid in its portraiture of an extraordinary man, instructive in its presentation of Methodist facts, and spiritually stimulating to the devout reader. The present Governor of Didsbury College speaks of the book as a 'charming and soul-moving biography, which ought to be found on those shelves of the young preacher's library which are sacred to the books that solace and

inspire us on Saturday evenings. Those who know it best will be the most eager to admit its influence upon them in making them keen for the minister's most enduring triumphs.'

Leaving Stockport in 1864, amidst general regret, Mr. M'Cullagh went to Sheffield, where he spent the next six years of his life, in the Norfolk Street and Carver Street Circuits. His memories of those years have been published in newspapers and pamphlets, but the information which they give is about other people. He became bound to the great smoky town by ties of sorrow as well as friendship. Here he suffered the only bereavements in his own family circle which during his long life he was called to pass through. A son, whose memory is enshrined in the father's touching verses, 'Little Willie,' died at the age of three years and eight months, and he was soon followed by a daughter a few weeks old. A much loved sister also died whilst she was a guest in her brother's house. I well remember that

we were all called together immediately after the death of Willie for family prayer, when the stricken parent offered thanks to God, and prayed for the grace of resignation to the divine will.

During Mr. M'Cullagh's residence in the Carver Street Circuit the proposals for the disestablishment of the Irish Church were before the country and excited much angry feeling upon both sides. He became involved in the discussion through his contributions to the *Magazine*. For eleven years he had written a monthly review of events under the title, *Glance at Public Occurrences*. It was work well suited to his powers, and he did it for love and not for money. It was, of course, impossible that the proposed legislation, involving as it did the general religious interests of Ireland, should be unnoticed in such a review. He felt strongly upon the subject, for he was an Irishman, and was under personal obligations to the Church which was to be disestablished and disendowed. Accordingly he wrote upon the subject, month after

month, in the 'Glance,' but not as strongly as he felt.

The articles gave offence to some, and in the Conference of 1869, when Book Room affairs were under discussion, the matter was brought up by the Rev. H. W. Holland, himself a pronounced politician, who never made any secret of his politics and always did his best to place his own particular views before the Methodist public. He admitted that he complained not so much because of what was said as on account of what was suggested, and he concluded by saying, 'Let us have no more Glances at Public Occurrences.' Mr. M'Cullagh was not mentioned by name in the attack, for the articles were unsigned and had a quasi-editorial authority. The writer, however, came to the front, 'owned up' to the authorship, and so defended them that the subject dropped. He felt pained by the criticism, for he was the soul of honour and was the last man in the world to take any party advantage from a place of trust held for the benefit of all. The editor,

the Rev. Benjamin Frankland, had some correspondence with him urging him to continue his contributions. In one letter he says :

My dear Mr. M'Cullagh,

So far from doing away with the 'Glance,' as hinted by one of the speakers at the Conference, I purpose not only to continue it but to make it more ample, whenever occasion calls for it, than before. If I mistake not, there are matters even more important than the disestablishment of the Irish Church on which public men will shortly be in full cry; and in the discussion of them we must be prepared to take, with caution and prudence, our full share. The 'Glance' is always read with interest, and is 'often read first,' as some one on the platform remarked while Mr. Holland was speaking; and I trust you will not allow the objections taken to arrest your valued services. . . . Your paper on Milton I learned at the Conference (from no less an authority than Mr. Pope) was highly esteemed. I think it one of the

best, perhaps the very best, of the many good things which you have kindly sent me, and which have enriched the Magazine. The mine is far from being exhausted.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

B. FRANKLAND.

How desirous my father was to avoid mischief through ministerial political action, although he felt so strongly upon this particular matter, may be seen from the fact that he declined to take part in a public meeting held in Sheffield to oppose Mr. Gladstone's proposals. Pressure was placed upon him to speak by many of his friends. The Rev. William Mercer, a popular evangelical clergyman, the editor of the well-known Hymn and Tune Book, called upon him to enlist his aid, but for the sake of avoiding strife amongst his congregations he abstained from doing what under different circumstances he would have gladly undertaken.

In 1868 he went up as one of the special speakers to the great Foreign

Missionary meeting in Exeter Hall. A short note home sheds a side-light upon the way in which meetings were managed in those days: 'I have just returned from Exeter Hall—a good meeting—I have been at better. The chairman prosy and long; the President long and grand. I was called on at 3 o'clock and had to be followed by Frazer (Scotch Church) and Jenkins, and the collection. The result was that I could speak scarcely ten minutes and Jenkins had to be left out.'

Whilst in Sheffield Mr. M'Cullagh annually wrote a hymn to be sung at their Whitsuntide festival by the united Nonconformist Sunday schools of the town. He was requested to do this by the committee, and gladly did he respond. One of these hymns was 'Seraphs laud Thee,' now in common use in our schools. The children marched in procession to the grounds of Wesley College, the girls dressed in white, where, to the accompaniment of a band, they sang songs of praise. 'To add even one to the unnumbered

hosannas which come from the voices of Christ-loving little ones ought to be a matter of thankfulness to any writer of verse.' So said my father in 1899, in a preface to a small collection of his own poetry. That thankfulness he felt.

CHAPTER IX

LAMBETH, LIVERPOOL, AND HULL

IN September 1870, Mr. M'Cullagh once again found himself in the heart of things national and Methodist—in London. He was appointed to the Lambeth Circuit, and lived in the very house which Jonathan Crowther had occupied when he heard the trial sermon of the young man from Skipton, in 1844. Every circuit in which he worked was a congenial sphere for Thomas M'Cullagh, but no doubt he was glad to live in London again, and to be near the Mission House and the Book Room and our College at Westminster. He used his opportunities for hearing some of London's greatest preachers, amongst whom was his old friend Joseph Parker, who drew great crowds to his chapel in Cheapside. He heard Liddon, then recently appointed

to a St. Paul's canonry, and writes, 'I went with Alec on Sunday afternoon to St. Paul's, to hear Liddon. He is a first-class preacher. Text: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." He preached a full hour. The style was clear and polished, the diction faultless, and the thought of the most vigorous kind.' He also heard Stanley, but did not receive a favourable impression. 'In the afternoon,' he writes, 'I went to Westminster Abbey to hear the Dean. Charley went with me. In order to hear "the very reverend" I had to leave my pew and go along the aisle near the pulpit. There was a crowd, so it did not look odd. I was greatly disappointed with Dr. Stanley's pulpit power. His elocution I thought poor, his tone drawling. As to his theology, it was worse than I expected. His text was one of those passages in the Hebrews, contrasting the sacrifice of Christ with the Jewish sacrifices, and the whole sermon was directed against the doctrine of atonement. I had read such

sermons before, but had not *heard* one actually preached. I was quite distressed, and felt almost angry, and came away determined to lift the cross higher than before.'

Lambeth Chapel had fine old Methodist traditions and associations, and, although many of its ancient worthies had departed, there was a good congregation in 1870, and much life and activity. Nobody dreamt that the day would come when the almost total disappearance of the regular congregation would make it necessary to carry on the work 'on mission lines.' A large sum of money had to be raised in 1871, to secure the trust property to Methodism in perpetuity. In our present gigantic mission enterprises the two or three thousand pounds wanted would appear the merest trifle, but in those less ambitious times the getting of the money required much patient work. My father went about begging subscriptions, and had the satisfaction of success.

A larger enterprise which engaged all

his energies was the erection of the Clapham Chapel. When he arrived in the circuit there was no place for Methodist preaching in that neighbourhood, which, at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century had been the home of the famous 'Clapham Sect.' The Rev. William Arthur lived on the Common, and, with his assistance, a house in the Clapham Road was obtained and its lower rooms fitted for services, at which Mr. Arthur was frequently present. Money was liberally given, and in due time the large and beautiful chapel was built. The first sermon preached in it was delivered by Dr. Punshon. Throughout the remainder of his life Mr. M'Cullagh looked back with pleasure and gratitude upon his association with Mr. Arthur in the erection of that building.

Liverpool Wesley was his next circuit. Twenty-three of the thirty-five remaining years of his life were spent in Liverpool circuits, nine years in full work, fourteen in retirement. At Wesley

Chapel in 1873 the Society and congregation was numerous and strong. The rental from seats was £500 per annum. On my father's first Sunday the congregations filled the place, and at the prayer-meeting after the evening service those who remained covered the body of the chapel. There was a large number of prayer-leaders, described as 'able in body, strong in lung, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost.' Amongst them was the cabmen's missionary, Edward Sunners, one of the best known men in Liverpool, respected by all classes, whose funeral years afterwards was one of the most remarkable ever seen in the city. St. John's, Princes Park, was then one of the finest congregations in Liverpool. St. James', Woolton, was a beautiful small chapel, attended by a number of wealthy and influential families. In its parsonage Dr. Dallinger conducted the investigations in the life-history of a monad which made his name famous in the world of science.

In this short story it is impossible even

to mention the troops of friends in Liverpool who were attached to my father both in his public ministry and in private home life. With one of his circuit stewards, Mr. John Hargrove, he had made acquaintance twenty-eight years before, in Workington, his first circuit. Young Hargrove was then a sailor, seventeen years of age, visiting at his uncle's between voyages; he was now the head of a firm of shipowners. With him and Mr. Richard Hough my father took a tour in Italy, in March, 1875, which gave him the keenest enjoyment. 'How often I longed through years and years to gaze upon the Alps and Apennines; to "stand in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs"; to wander through the art galleries of Florence; to see the enchanting Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in awful grandeur sending up fire or smoke towards the cloudless heavens; to creep along the silent streets of Pompeii; and, above all, to visit Rome, the city of cities, with its crowd of memories reaching back through papal,

imperial, republican, and royal ages for more than 2,600 years of the world's history! For five decades of my life I longed in vain. At last my opportunity came!' Space is too limited to give any account of the tour. Mr. M'Cullagh's strong Protestantism was excited by the Roman ceremonies continually before his eyes, which really pained him, and in the last sentence of the following extract from a lecture on the tour, describing a mountain view, there is a touch of exultation: 'Here upon a bold projection stood a castellated building; there, peeping over the tops of the olive-trees, was a villa, painted green or red or yellow; yonder were cottages nestling in orange-grove or vineyard; higher up, a church on a lofty crag, making one wonder how a congregation could get there; and perhaps highest of all a monastery, but not too high for the new Italian laws to reach it.' He dwelt much upon the history of the Waldenses, and took great delight in visiting our Mission in Rome. He preached to the English congregation

in Naples, on a Sunday morning, and in the Italian service took part in the administration of the Lord's Supper to 105 communicants. On the return journey he preached in Paris on Good Friday, the Rev. J. W. Close reading prayers, from the text, 'When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.' Passing through London on the way to Liverpool he spent Easter Day with his eldest son at South Norwood, preaching for him at the evening service on the manifestation of the risen Christ to the two disciples at Emmaus.

In 1875 Mr. M'Cullagh was made Chairman of the District for the first time. The Liverpool District was then, as it still is, of abnormal size, stretching from Aberystwyth to Lancaster, but it was not too large for its new Chairman. His remarkable memory of persons helped him greatly, and his unfailing courtesy and tact made rough places plain. He became in the same year the first chairman of the Liverpool Mission Committee,

and was thus brought into close association with the Rev. Charles Garrett. They were different in temperament and gifts, but their object was the same and the relations between them were always cordial and harmonious. Mr. M'Cullagh used to tell with amusement of how he was once tempted to take Mr. Garrett as a model in preaching. In 1866 he heard him for the first time, and was much struck by the simplicity of his sermon and the effect it produced. Next evening he himself had to trudge off four miles to preach to a congregation of colliers. He said to himself, 'I will try to preach like Mr. Garrett.' He accordingly fished up from his memory such telling facts and incidents as might suit his purpose, with occasional sudden home-thrusts and racy and pathetic touches. He soon had his pitmen hearers alternately smiling and weeping, now listening breathlessly and now giving vent to their feelings by ejaculations. In returning home he said to himself, 'My stock of this kind is very limited, and, if I go on, I shall soon be

like a soldier at war when his ammunition is all exhausted. As there are many who are wise to win souls, differing in style from one another, and all of them differing from Charles Garrett, I will content myself to be myself and not another in trying to do good.' Did space permit, instances of their co-operation might be given, with interesting letters from this great evangelist to the friend who always admired and honoured both him and his work. Room may be found for a short note of a much later date, probably the last received by my father from him, which has a pathos of its own, for it was written shortly after the death of Mrs. Garrett:

Sunday afternoon.

My dear Friend,

Thanks for your kind help to-day, and for your most kind letter of sympathy. I have no heart for anything, but I am breasting the waves, and am taking one service.

I do not intend to be by your side on Tuesday morning, but am taking a few

days in the country, and hope to be with you in a week when the storm is calmed down a little. With love to all,

I am,

Yours truly,

C. GARRETT.

From Liverpool Wesley Mr. M'Cullagh removed to Liverpool Brunswick, a change which permitted continuity in his work in the city and his chairmanship of the District. Then, after three years' successful labour, he went from the sea-port on the Mersey to the sea-port on the Humber.

In 1881 my father's earliest ministerial friend, Dr. Punshon, died. After leaving their early circuits their paths had been widely separated, but through all the years, even when an ocean rolled between them, their friendship was kept warm. No public duty must have cost Mr. M'Cullagh a greater emotional strain than the preaching a memorial sermon for his life-long friend before the Hull Synod. The sermon was afterwards published with a

supplement of personal reminiscences in a little book which had a wide circulation, and almost took the place of a temporary biography until the publication of Mr. Macdonald's volume. Afterwards, in Exeter Hall, Mr. M'Cullagh said, 'When I reflect that I stood with our departed friend, especially in our youthful days, on more Missionary platforms than I can remember now, when I think that this is my first visit to this hall since his lamented decease, I feel more than I can express that I do not see his familiar form, that I do not hear once more the magic of his voice. I feel as Adam felt after the angel had concluded his wonderful narration, according to the beautiful conception of Milton:

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

Mr. M'Cullagh was Chairman of the Hull District, but the law of the itinerancy, which was more rigidly obeyed then than now, compelled his removal at the end of three years. The rule was kept as

strictly in the case of the captain, now becoming a veteran, as in that of the rawest recruit. The unpleasantness of change in this instance was mitigated, for he returned for a second term to Liverpool, to his dearly loved Wesley. Here he found plenty to be done both in the circuit and out of it. A scheme for the erection, first, of a large schoolroom and classrooms, and, afterwards, of the great chapel in Lodge Lane, occupied much of his thought and time as superintendent. The enterprise was brought to a successful issue, largely through the munificence of the Fowler family. The chapel in time was filled with one of the largest congregations in Liverpool Methodism and became the centre of much religious activity. In after years my father was greatly gratified by the appointment to the Wesley Circuit, with pastoral charge of Lodge Lane chapel, of his third son, Charles Bernard M'Cullagh, for two terms of three years each.

CHAPTER X

THE PRESIDENCY AND THE LAST CIRCUITS

IN 1883 the Conference was held for the fourth time in Hull. The first Hull Conference was in 1848. Its President, Dr. Newton, gave the Charge to the newly ordained men, at Manchester in 1849, Thomas M'Cullagh being one of them. The second assembled in the year 1858, when John Bowers sat in the chair, the preacher whose eloquence had fascinated the young Irishman in Cork, in 1840. Over the third, held in 1869, Dr. Jobson presided in a manner described in a *Methodist Recorder* article in these words, "Never, surely, was the chair filled with more of kindliness and good nature than on this occasion." The writer of the article was Thomas M'Cullagh, and at

the next Hull Conference he himself was chosen President.

During the year before his election Mr. M'Cullagh's name had been freely mentioned throughout the Connexion, especially in the northern districts, as the probable occupant of the chair, but perhaps few were prepared for the great majority which he received in the voting, 223 being given for him and 65 for the next name upon the list.

In those days the induction of the President followed immediately upon his election, there being an interval of perhaps half-an-hour filled with other business. Twelve months were not allowed, as at present, during which preparations might be made for various official deliverances. Notwithstanding this disadvantage two inaugural addresses were given, the one to the Pastoral, and the other to the Representative session, which produced a deep impression upon all who heard them. The other Presidential deliverances during that Conference were most warmly received, es-

pecially the welcome extended to the Hull clergy, who came in large numbers, headed by Canon McCormick, to express their good will towards the Conference, the first visit of this nature, though happily the good example has been followed.

The new President received many letters of congratulation upon his election, and very pleasing were those which came from the friends of his early days. The Skipton Quarterly Meeting, in which he was proposed for the ministry, sent an assurance of their prayers and good wishes. The Rev. Nevison Lorraine, whom he had known in Hexham and Shotley Bridge, wrote an affectionate greeting, and the following came from Dr. Parker:

‘ Please accept my most cordial congratulations upon your election to the Presidency of the Wesleyan Conference, to which you have so obviously entitled yourself by long-continued and faithful service. May the great Head of the Church give you all the heavenly light

you need, and through your re-consecrated influence greatly and permanently bless the whole Methodist family.

‘I am the more emboldened to express my congratulations by the fact that immediately on my election to the Chairmanship of the Congregational Union your predecessor, the Rev. Charles Garrett, wrote me one of the sunniest and brotherliest letters which that event called forth. The evangelical churches belong to one another, and ought to walk in unanimous prayer and in emulous love.

‘Ever yours,

JOSEPH PARKER.’

Early in his year of office the new President was stricken down by serious illness. Fortunately he was in the house of an old and much loved friend, William Ritson, of Hexham. Every attention was given him, the best medical advice and the most skilful nursing, and after a few weeks of inactivity he was able, to his great joy, to resume his work.

There are certain fixed annual duties to be fulfilled by every President, and

special engagements varying with each year. Generally there also occur great public celebrations in which he is asked to take a part. There were at least three such events in Mr. M'Cullagh's year, each of which appealed to him powerfully. One of them was distinctively Methodist, the Centenary Commemoration of the signing of the Deed of Declaration, which gave to the Conference a legal existence and secured the permanence of Methodism as a Christian denomination. A great meeting was held in Wesley's Chapel, when the President gave an address described by Dr. Rigg as 'full of wit, learning, and antiquarian research, and dealing with many points not always understood as they should be.' Another of these celebrations was distinctively Protestant, when honour was paid to the memory of Martin Luther. The President wrote a letter to the Methodist papers calling attention to the influence of Luther's teaching upon John Wesley, and, through him, upon Methodism. He also spoke at an im-

mense and enthusiastic meeting in the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, when the chair was taken by Dr. Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool, other speakers being the Rev. R. H. Lundie, the Moderator-elect of the Presbyterian Church, and Lord Claud J. Hamilton. Mr. M'Cullagh's speech was one of the most rousing he ever made. Still another event of public interest was a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London, in the Mansion House, to the Earl of Shaftesbury, at which the most eminent representatives of denominational Christianity were present to do honour to the aged nobleman. The President followed the Archbishop of Canterbury in speaking, and the *Watchman* commended 'his dignified and altogether worthy utterance.'

Much as he enjoyed the work of the year, it was with a feeling of relief that he relinquished the responsibilities of President and took his seat on the platform at the right of Dr. Frederic Greeves. 'You may hear this evening,' he wrote

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to his wife, 'by the evening papers, the Presidential election. I stepped out of the chair with alacrity. I feel a great burden removed, and a constant strain. My predominating feeling, however, is gratitude to God for sparing me to the close of my year of office, and in the strength which I possess.' Many duties additional to his circuit work had to be done by him as ex-President, and then in the Hammersmith Circuit he became once more an ordinary circuit minister. He was delighted to attend, as one of the Methodist representatives, the great service held in Westminster Abbey to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee. From the temporary gallery in the north transept he looked upon brave soldiers and great statesmen, rulers of British dependencies and dignitaries from foreign lands, princes and princesses of our own royal house, and, in the midst of all, upon Victoria herself, Queen and mother. After Hammersmith he took another London circuit, Kensington. Here he laboured on, in patience

and hope, not failing nor being discouraged. His relaxation in the midst of his circuit cares was to write the *Life of Sir William M'Arthur*, his distinguished fellow countryman.

It was my father's intention to become a supernumerary at the end of his Kensington term, but he yielded to the urgent request of the Macclesfield stewards, and entered upon the duties of his last circuit after the Conference of 1891. Here he was surrounded by associations with Wesley's days—the parish church to which Wesley had walked in the Mayor's procession, and Christ Church in which he preached annually during a series of years for his friend David Simpson, the incumbent, of which church Mr. Mac-lardie was the organist, whose daughter became the wife of Jabez Bunting. In Sunderland Street Chapel was the tablet to the memory of Wesley's host, John Ryle, erected by the trustees, and in later years restored by John Ryle's grandson, the first Bishop of Liverpool.

During his three years in Macclesfield

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Mr. M'Cullagh was Chairman of the District, and he performed his duties not only with efficiency but in such a manner as to secure the deep respect and affection of all the ministers and lay officers within its borders. At the Conference of 1894 he requested that he might become a supernumerary. The request was granted. He had 'travelled' forty-nine years. Some of his friends wished that he would complete the half century, but he felt that increasing infirmities would not justify him in taking another circuit. The Conference placed in its *Minutes* a special resolution expressing its high appreciation of his 'long-continued and distinguished services,' and assuring him of 'its affectionate esteem and veneration.' In that Conference, held in Birmingham, he performed his familiar duties as representative upon the Stationing Committee for the last time. When the stations were read in the open Conference he came down from the platform and took his place amongst the representatives upon the floor. There he

stood, distinguished by his massive head of silvery white hair, fighting for his circuits and his men. There were difficult cases to be settled, but his voice rang strong and clear and his natural force was not abated. Perhaps the thought that this was his last battle renewed in him the vigour and fire of former years. In due time the stations were confirmed; the members of the Conference, as is usual for this act, signifying their assent by standing in silence instead of by merely raising their hands. 'Where He appoints we go.' It was a solemn moment for Thomas M'Cullagh, for he then ceased to be a minister in full work.

CHAPTER XI

RETIREMENT

MR. M'CULLAGH settled as a supernumerary in Grassendale, near to Garston, in the Liverpool Wesley circuit. He had been happy in the big city on the Mersey, and nearness to many friends was perhaps the chief consideration which decided his choice of a place of residence. Here he lived for fourteen years, during ten of which he was able to do much public work. He preached frequently in Liverpool, and in other circuits both old and new. He did not abandon sermon-making. Notes of pulpit addresses prepared for special occasions during those years of retirement are left amongst his papers—harvest festival, choir anniversary and funeral discourses. Bishop Ryle, Charles Garrett, President Mac-

Kinlay and Mr. Gladstone were amongst those upon whom he spoke, sometimes by request. After the death of Queen Victoria he was asked by the ministers of the Nonconformist churches of Garston and the neighbourhood to preach the sermon on the occasion of their united memorial service. He had lived throughout her reign and her predecessor's, and through the greater part of George the Fourth's. He gave two or three new lectures: *The Making of the Hymn-Book*, *The Three Great Wars of the Queen's Reign*, and *The Nineteenth Century*. He was constantly busy with his pen. During his latter years the preparation of notes for a large edition of *Wesley's Journal* interested him greatly and occupied much of his time. He also wrote a *Life of Gideon Ouseley*. When through increasing infirmities he was almost confined to the house, his inability to consult great works of reference at public libraries was felt by him as a hindrance. But he never allowed this privation to stop his work. His Magazine articles came fresh from a

mind full of facts. His memory, both for events and persons, even in his age and feebleness, was remarkable. As one after another of his old ministerial friends died, he dwelt upon his remembrances of them with touching tenderness. The last letter he sent to the *Recorder*, a few weeks before his own departure, was a tribute to W. H. Tindall, who had been his colleague in two circuits.

His Golden Wedding was celebrated on August 9, 1899. Service was held in St. James's Chapel, Woolton, a village near Grassendale, where his eldest son was the resident minister. The service was conducted by the two sons who are in the Methodist ministry, one offering thanksgiving and prayer, the other giving a short address. In addition to the venerable husband and wife who had been spared to each other for fifty years there were present children, children-in-law, grandchildren, the aged sister of my father, and many friends from Liverpool and neighbourhood. During the domestic festivities

which followed a small volume of original poems, containing the latest and longest, *The First Wedding*, which gave the title to the collection, was presented by the parents to each member of the family.

In the year 1904 Mr. M'Cullagh laid the foundation stone of the new chapel in Wellington Avenue, Liverpool, the first and last time of his official use of trowel and mallet. His son, C. B. M'Cullagh, was the superintendent through whose enterprise the project was begun and finished. My father's hymn, 'Seraphs laud Thee,' was sung by the crowd, and he gave an address, whilst seated in an arm-chair, which could be heard distinctly by everybody.

His last illness came upon him gradually in the autumn of 1908. It began with a bad cold, and then his appetite failed and he had a difficulty in swallowing food. The death of a friend and neighbour in the prime of life, Mr. W. J. Davey, gave him a great shock, and within a few hours of hearing of it he had an attack of faintness. A few days

afterwards the doctor asked that the absent sons and daughters should be informed of their father's illness. In the early part of his illness he dwelt much upon the past, especially upon the first years of his ministry. He told the doctors of his taking his 'two little lads in their plaid frocks' (his two eldest children) to see the London illuminations after the Crimean war. His eldest daughter supplies the following particulars: 'One day he said to me, "What day is it?" I replied, "Thursday." "Recorder day," he said, and asked me to bring the *Methodist Recorder* to him. I did so, and he looked for a long time at the front page, until I asked him should I read to him. "Aye, do," he said. So I turned to the items of general news and read several paragraphs. When I stopped he said, "But there is nothing in all that about Punshon; does it not mention him?" I said, "No," and he remarked, "That is very strange; is there nothing either about William Arthur?" He puzzled for a long time

over the "strangeness" of there being no mention of these two long-dead ministers.

' The Rev. J. E. Dixon, of Garston, was unremitting in his attention and ministration to father, whose most coherent and lucid times were when Mr. Dixon was with him. He looked forward eagerly to Mr. Dixon's prayers, and said to him once, "Your prayers lift me up, up to heaven, up to God, higher, higher." Then he said, "How are you getting on at Island Road, at the chapel?" After Mr. Dixon's reply father said, "Oh! what a glorious ministry is ours! To preach the glorious gospel of the blessed Jesus!"

' All through his illness his ruling traits, unselfishness and hospitality, came out very prominently. He never failed to ask after Mrs. Dixon, and "the boy at Woodhouse Grove, and the baby boy at home." He never answered the doctor's "How are you, Mr. M'Cullagh?" until he had inquired how the doctor himself was, and at the conclusion of the visit he

always said, "Thank you, doctor. God bless you!" to which both the doctors used to reply, "And you, sir." He was greatly concerned when he heard of all the kind friends who called to ask for him and left flowers and delicacies. "What am I to do, Cissie, about all these kind people? Will you see that every one is thanked." One day, after Miss Fowler had been to see him, I said, "What are you thinking about, father?" He replied, "I am thinking about Miss Fowler and her wonderful goodness to me." He was always urging Nora and me to "go and get a good meal," and his constant inquiry was, "Has mother a fire in the study? You go, dear, and sit with her; I can have a little sleep."

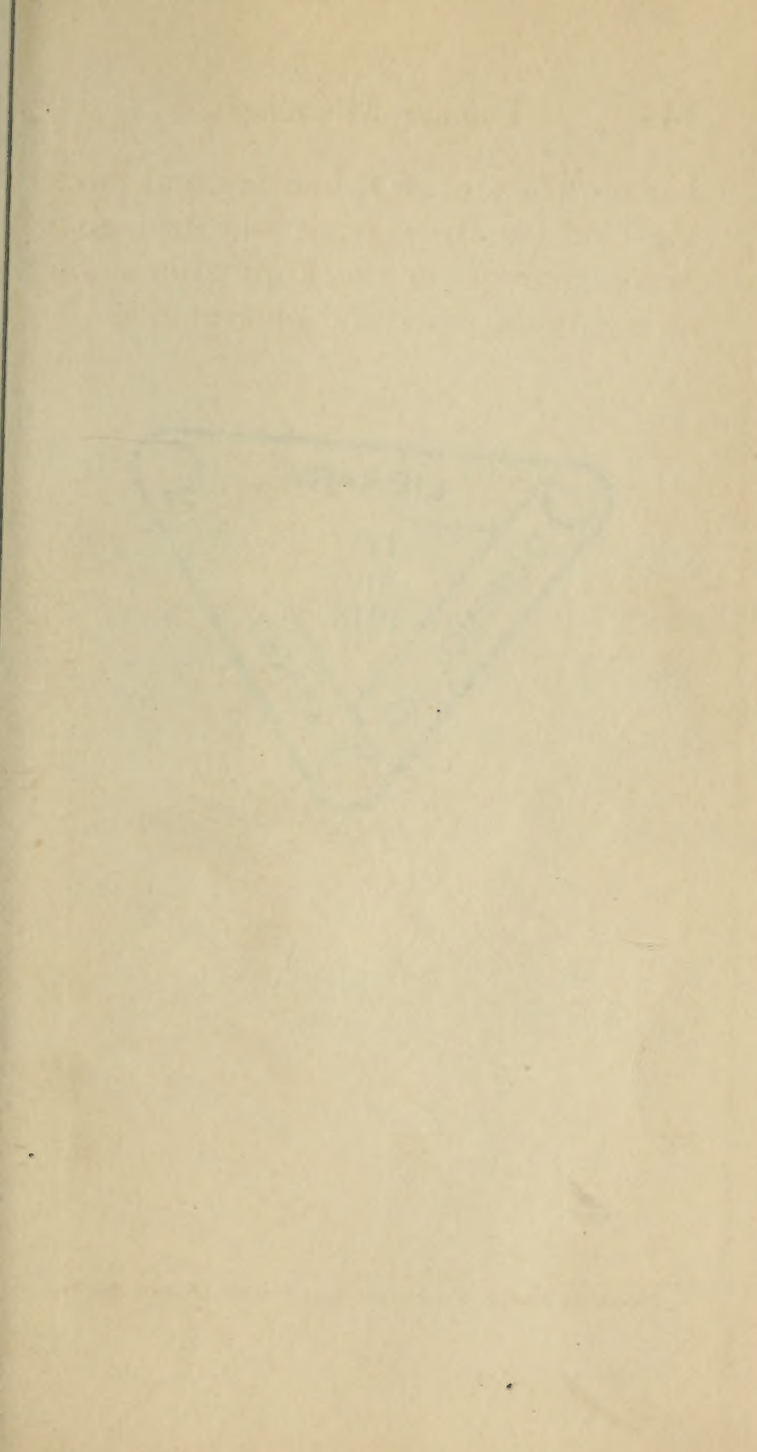
During those last days his children came from all parts, literally from North and South and East and West, to see the father whose parental love had always been so tender. He conversed with them as he was able, and gave them his blessing. He had been anxiously asking for an expected letter, which, he said,

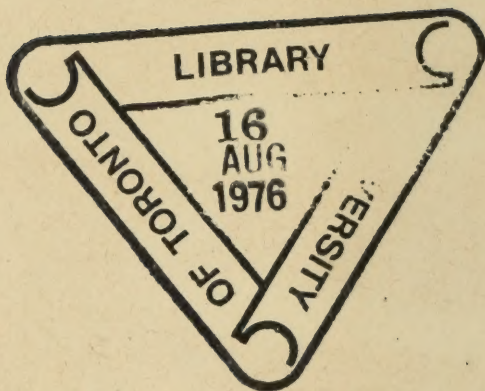
would come from 'very far away,' and which none could read but himself. On the morning of Wednesday, November 11, the message came. My sister says: 'For the last hour and a half of his life mother sat by him holding his hand. He recognized her with a faint smile, also Mr. Dixon when he entered. Those were the last signs of consciousness. Mr. Dixon prayed and repeated a verse or two of Scripture, but father gave no sign. All restlessness was gone, and he lay lightly breathing like a baby. At half-past one he sighed three times and the spirit was gone.'

On Saturday, November 14, an impressive service was held in the Garston Chapel, attended, in addition to the chief mourners, by many ministers, some coming a long distance, and friends from Liverpool, Southport and the neighbourhood. Mr. Dixon, the Garston minister, officiated, the lesson being read by the Rev. S. H. Hallam, the superintendent of the circuit. A comprehensive address, in which the leading features of the

character and life of the deceased were depicted in beautiful language, was given by the Rev. John Hornabrook, the Secretary of the Conference and a former colleague, and prayer was offered by the Chairman of the District, the Rev. T. Galland Hartley. Every heart was touched as he thanked God for the life, example, and ministry of the 'Father in God' whom He had taken to Himself. Two hymns were sung: 'How bright these glorious spirits shine,' by Isaac Watts, and Charles Wesley's great hymn on Christ our Advocate, 'Entered the holy place above,' often used by the departed minister in Holy Communion. From the chapel we went through country roads to the little churchyard at Halewood. The November sun was low down in the western sky as we committed the body of this saint of God to the ground in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. The autumnal stillness was broken only by the words of thanksgiving and petition; and then we

left the place of rest, blessing and praising God for His servant who had gone hence from us in the Lord after a life of eighty-six years and nine months.





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